



No. 274.—Vol. XXII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

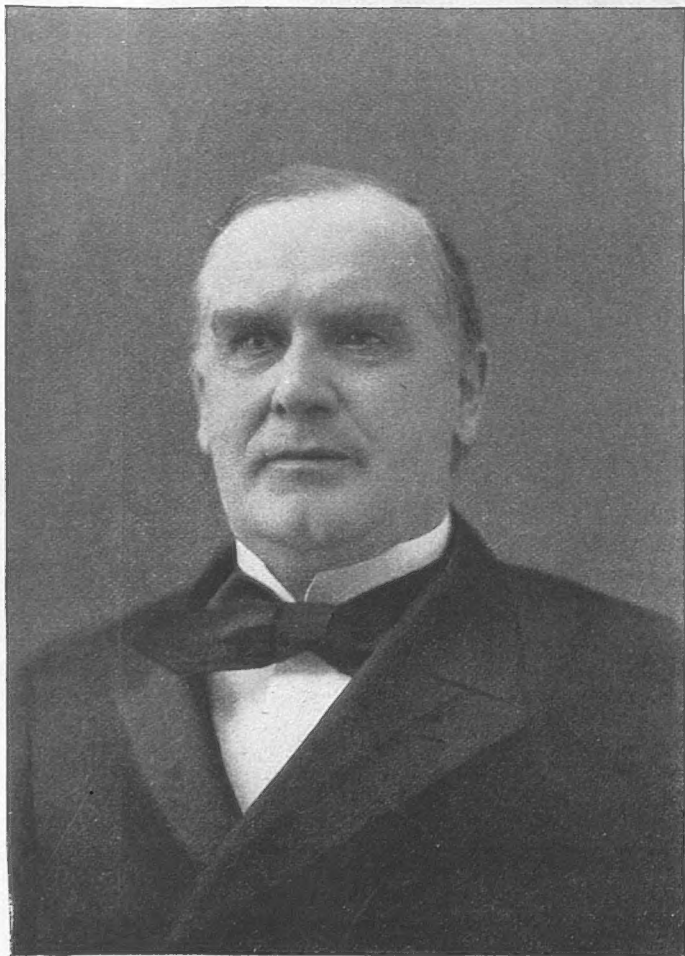


ISABELLA OF CASTILLE, QUEEN OF SPAIN, SENT OUT COLUMBUS TO FIND THE AMERICAN CONTINENT. MARIA CHRISTINA OF AUSTRIA, THE PRESENT QUEEN OF SPAIN, WHO IS HERE PICTURED, WILL BE GLAD IF ANOTHER COLUMBUS WILL LOSE IT.

THE LEADERS IN THE GREAT CONFLICT OF THE HOUR.



THE BOY KING OF SPAIN.
Photo by Valentine, Madrid.



MR. MCKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
Photo by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.



SEÑOR SAGASTA, PREMIER OF SPAIN.
Photo by Debas, Madrid.

THE GREAT WAR: THE MODERN ARMADA IN BATTLE.

The struggle between America and Spain practically began at a quarter to six on Friday morning, when the American fleet got under way at Key West. "Where are the galleons of Spain?" That was the question that ran throughout the line; nor was the answer long in coming. Within an hour, when the Yankee was twelve miles off the coast, he sighted a Spanish merchantman, and the cruiser *Nashville*, leaving the line, headed at full speed and fired a blank shot across the Spaniard's bows. The merry merchant, as if to justify her name, which was the *Buenaventura*, kept on her course; but a shot from a six-pounder warned her that flight was useless. So she reversed her engines and lowered her flag, and was towed into Key West amid frantic enthusiasm. And that was how the war began.

As I have indicated in the title of the picture which forms the front page of this issue, there is a strange irony in the present crisis. It was a Queen of Spain that directed the bold adventurers of her day to find the New World. It is a Queen of Spain that has nominally headed the attempt to curb the ambition of that New World. The struggle is one between an old civilisation, proud and implacable as ever, and a young living continent greater in extent than all the dreams of avarice pictured to Columbus. Age puts extreme youth in the forefront in the shape of its boy king, Alfonso XIII., who will be twelve years of age on Tuesday fortnight.

On one side of him stands the sagacious Sagasta, animated by the proud, passionate patriotism of the Spaniard; on the other he is supported by his mother, the Queen-Regent, who enters the struggle with the far

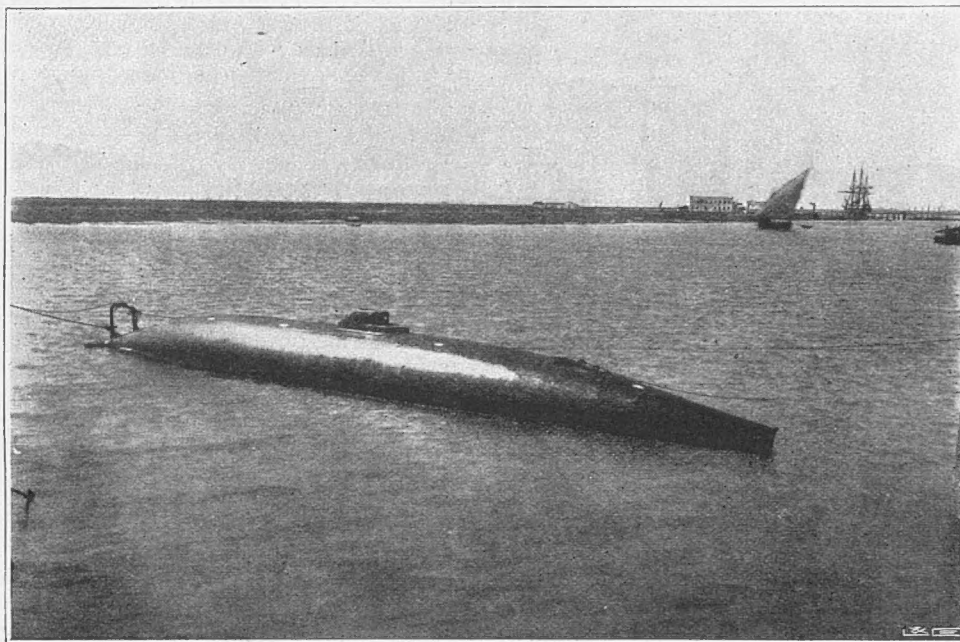
greater torture of anxiety which a woman feels for her fatherless child. With such a stake at issue, Spain has for once become a unity. The divisions between parties and between provinces which have been the misfortune of Spain exist no longer. The Americans are rich, the Spaniards say, but they are not aware that plenty of money exists in

Spain; and one Spaniard adds, "For patriotic purposes we will not grudge heavy taxes. Let the Government put a halfpenny tax on every letter, an extra penny on salt, and as much on sugar. Let it tax everything that can be taxed. Only let them carry on the war vigorously."

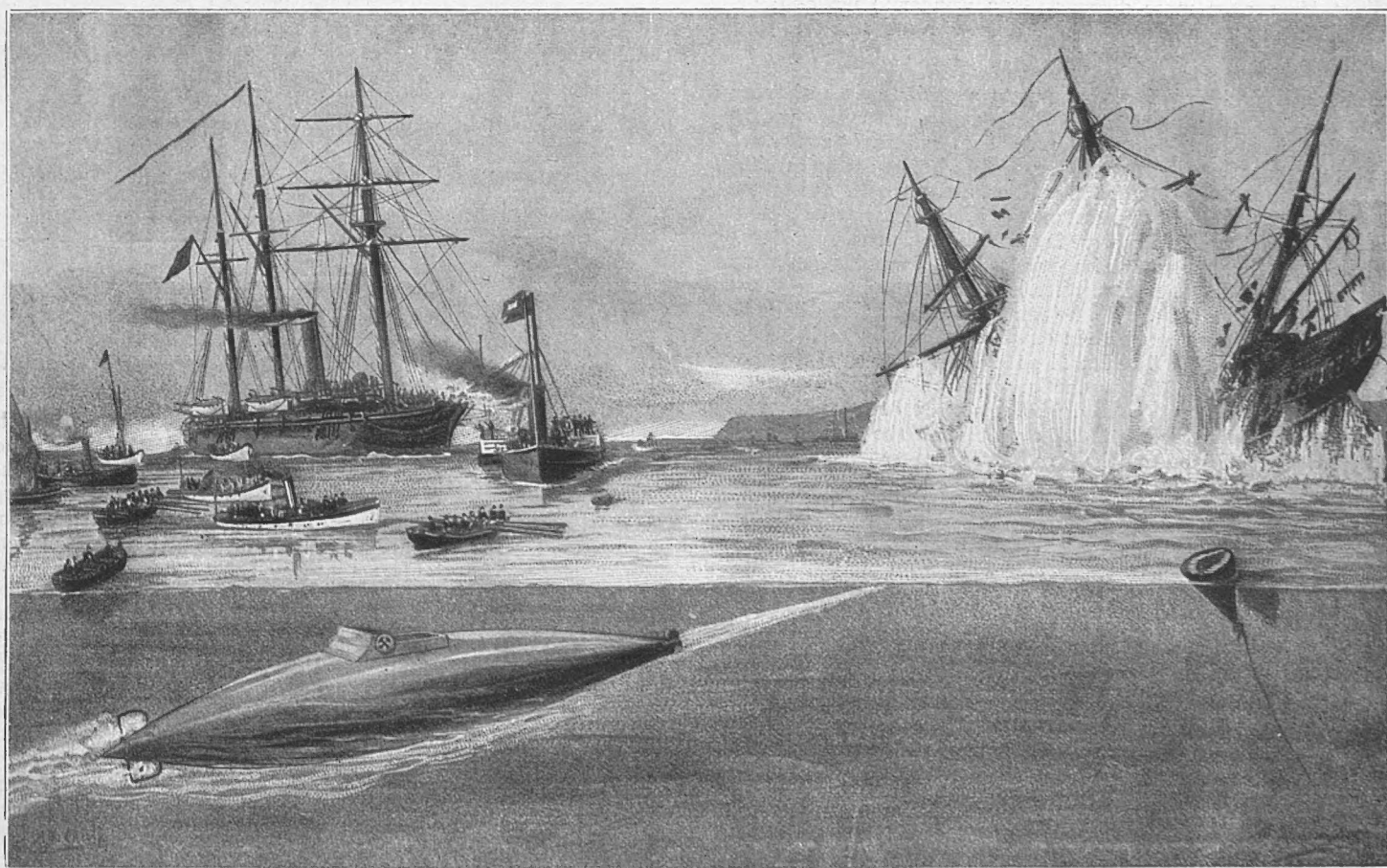
Spain has certainly the advantage in her torpedo fleet. She has long excelled in this arm. Thus it is eight years since she launched the submarine torpedo-boat the *Peral*, which, so said the Spanish naval authorities, was destined to annihilate all the navies of the world. Great secrecy was observed concerning the method of propelling the boat, which could travel at a high rate of speed,

and that of launching the torpedo. What the world, without the innermost ring of the Spanish Admiralty, knew of the result is shown in the photograph taken of the *Peral* as she lay at her moorings at Cadiz. What Spain expects of her is shown in the picture of the boat at the moment of launching her torpedo at a hulk sacrificed for the purpose. This picture—the original is a gaudily coloured print—had great sale in Spanish seaport towns when the *Peral* boat enthusiasm was at its height.

Uncertainty marks out the whole future. Every hour brings its new note, and *The Sketch*, as a weekly journal, cannot hope to keep pace with the daily, nay, the hourly, newspaper in detailing every turn of the tide.



THE SPANISH SUBMARINE BOAT "PERAL."



HOW THE SUBMARINE BOAT "PERAL" WOULD OPERATE.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

In "The Cat and the Cherub" we saw the Chinese son who told his sweetheart that he would love her almost as much as he loved his father. This idea of filial love would have enjoyed the warmest admiration of the irritable Thomas Faber, financier, of immense wealth, commonly called "The Master." His son wished to go into the Army, and not the City; his daughter desired to marry the man whom she loved, and not the cousin she detested; so Thomas—not at all a "doubting" Thomas—ordered them both to leave the house unless they obeyed his wishes and gave up their own: they left. Then Thomas,



MISS KATE TERRY.

Photo by Adolphe Beau.

as imperious with his wife as with his children, ordered her to root them from her heart and take in their place his nephew Charles, his partner, a contemptible, dishonest fellow. No doubt poor Mrs. Faber tried to obey; certainly she disobeyed. Dick, the son, did wonders on the field of battle, and won a V.C. The daughter married, and, when her baby came, Mrs. Faber took advantage of the absence of Thomas and went to nurse her child and told fibs to her husband. Charles, sneak and thief, disclosed the truth, and Thomas, full of indignation, reprimanded his wife, who wept bitterly, yet, when a message arrived that Mary needed her, marched out of the house despite her husband's decree that if she went she should never return. The experienced playgoer easily guessed that the wickedness of Charles

would bring the firm close to ruin, and, as a matter of fact, the young scamp even stole and sold a mass of securities. The details of the financial transaction are perhaps somewhat too technical for ordinary stage purposes. In the end Thomas found himself ill and unhappy, as well as in peril of ruin; of course, at the vital moment his wife appeared, presented herself full of love, forgiveness, and money. The financial troubles were ended, and Thomas was induced to forgive his children.

The return of Miss Kate Terry to the stage, after retiring many years ago with a brilliant reputation, naturally gave great interest to the production of "The Master," and her reception was most enthusiastic. In the not exacting part of Mrs. Faber she acted with no little charm and ease. Her daughter, Miss Mabel Lewis Terry, who has already appeared with success, played very prettily as the disobedient daughter. A heavy burden was put upon Mr. Herbert Ross by the part of the contemptible Charles, and he acquitted himself very well. Mr. Frederick Kerr gave a clever little character-study as a bucket-shop keeper, and Mr. Gilbert Hare, once more disguised by a wonderful make-up, acted in excellent style as an old clerk. Mr. Charles Rock and Mr. Cherry deserved praise.

"Lord and Lady Algy" introduces us to a curious class of society, the class which can give a *cachet* to slang, which lives extravagantly, and is often "hard-up"; which recognises "form" rather than manners, money rather than breeding—except in horses; which takes an intense interest in racing and none in politics, and wages a constant war against the *ennui* which always threatens the idle and unintellectual. Of this society Lord and Lady Algy were favourable specimens, even if rather poor representatives of humanity. Impatience bred of worries coming from "stony-brokenness," due to extravagance, had driven them to a separation, regretted tranquilly by both. So he went his way and she hers, both agreeing "to run straight," and both intent upon amusement and on getting money without earning it. The lax ideas of Algy allowed him to make his rooms a meeting-place for his sanctimonious brother, the Marquis of Quarmley, and pretty Mrs. Tudway, who was tired of her rich, vulgar husband, and resolved to "do a bolt," even though the idea of Venice, which they deemed the correct halting-place for their irregular honeymoon, did not charm them. Now, Algy had once saved Tudway's life—"One does silly things sometimes without thinking," was his comment on the rescue—and Tudway, suspicious of his wife, asked Algy to come to his costume-ball and look after her. His lordship did not know that Tudway's wife was Quarmley's "mash," so he made the promise.

Cecilia, "Lady Algy," saw Mrs. Tudway at Algy's chambers, and came to a wrong conclusion; when her husband eagerly told her that there was nothing between him and "the little woman," her ladyship gravely and significantly replied, "Pickles!"—a word that she could use well enough to make it serve as a complete vocabulary. Now, pickles are apt to cause thirst, and Lord Algy at dinner took too much wine and got "a little mixed." It might be called a case of "mixed pickles," so his conduct at Tudway's fancy-dress ball disgraced the Duke of Marlborough costume that he wore. The efforts of the three-eights-seas-over Algy—for he was not quite drunk—to speak with Mrs. Tudway, coupled with another fact, caused Tudway, who was prowling about his own house disguised by a mask and Colonel Kirke costume, to believe that his once preserver was false to him, so he ordered the bewildered, half-sobered fellow to leave his house. Luckily, Lady Algy was present, and she had discovered the truth; so, when all

the guests were agape, she stepped forward, being really "a good sort," and marched off her husband with something like dignity. The intrigue between Quarmley and Mrs. Tudway perhaps is not of immense interest, but it had the service of tending to bring Algy and Cecilia together; and when it happened that the Eclipse Stakes ruined him but gave her £9000, they resolved to "run together in double harness once more." The piece is a very clever and amusing study of this curious class; the characters show real observation, and the dialogue is witty. As a result, "Lord and Lady Algy" is a very entertaining work of considerable artistic merit, and Mr. Carton may well be proud of it. The acting is of fine quality—indeed, Mr. Charles Hawtreys's Lord Algy is a brilliant piece of pure comedy. Very sincere praise, too, may be given to the admirable acting of Miss Compton, while one cannot pass unmentioned Mrs. Calvert, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. E. H. Kelly, and Mr. Volpé.

Of the three plays produced at the annual benefit of Mr. Edward Hastings, undoubtedly the most important is "The Blind Singer," by Dr. Dabbs, a romantic play which makes somewhat exorbitant demands upon one's power of believing. The story handles the difficult theme of madness in relation to matrimony. A Dr. Glover forbids his son, as a son *de jure* if not *de facto*, to marry Ida, the doctor's niece, because she comes of bad stock, and has herself passed through one bout of madness. The prohibition is subject to the limitation that, if a year passes without her showing further signs of insanity, the wedding may take place. Of course, it is not wise of a mere layman to doubt the doctor's wisdom. During the year of probation Ida goes through some prodigious adventures, for she is kidnapped by a foreign prince, and becomes a famous Spanish singer, and even is driven, by fire in the theatre, "off her chump," as Lord Algy would say. Dr. Dabbs ignores the rapid advance in technique of dramatists. One cannot deny to his work the merit of sincerity, but, unfortunately, it is decidedly old-fashioned, and even a very fair performance fails to render it altogether interesting.

"Dandy Dan the Life Guardsman" has reached its second edition, thanks to the wonderful vitality and vivacity of Mr. Arthur Roberts, an artist the joy of many critics and despair of all. Indeed, we have given up the useless task of pointing out how lamentable it is that the world should see a player of his calibre only in pieces that the critical have little longing to visit. No doubt "Dandy Dan" is better than some of them, and, for a while, there is some actual form in the tale of the adventures of the Life Guardsman and the nursemaid whose part is charmingly presented by Miss Isa Bowman. The novelty in the second edition is what is called a "Skit-lette," a word, doubtless, of cryptic humour, at present a mystery. In reality it is a *revue* of recent theatrical ventures, the central feature of which is a burlesque on "Much Ado About Nothing," in which Miss Laura Linden gives a very clever imitation of Miss Julia Neilson, who might learn a good deal by studying her mimic. Mr. Roberts is hardly at his best in the "Skit-lette," but in the play shows his eccentric humour in full abundance.

"The Transit of Venus," written by Mr. J. T. Tanner, Mr. Adrian Ross ("Marmiton" of *The Sketch*), and composed by M. Lambelet, which has been produced in Dublin with success, differs little from dozens of similar works which have preceded it. Mr. Tanner centres his plot around an observatory in the Austrian Tyrol, at which all the characters gather, including Ninon, an operatic "star," popularly known as "The Mortal Venus" (Miss Aida Jenoure); Stefanie, the son of old Graf Otto von Gluckstein, who at the finish turns out to be a girl (Miss Marie Montrose); General Tingla, "of the Austrian Army" (Mr. T. J. Redmond); Captain Franz "of the same" (Mr. Roland Cunningham), and Herr Premperwinkle, the German Professor of Astronomy (Mr. John F. McArdle). Mr. McArdle long outdistanced all the rest of the company, but, after him, praise is due especially both for acting and singing to Miss Montrose, Miss Jenoure, and Messrs. Redmond and Cunningham, and also, indeed, to Mr. Charles Mills, who plays the part of Jock Alleyn, to Mr. Daly Cooper, who amusingly exaggerates the part of the Graf, and to Mr. E. J. Wynne, who makes Count Stefanie, a "Viennese fop," a most excellent Piccadilly "dude." The plot of the play is difficult to follow. The music of M. Lambelet is very pleasing.

Mrs. Brown-Potter, who was pictured in *The Sketch* a fortnight ago as Camille, is seen at her best in that character. Her task, in following such distinguished artists in the same rôle as Helena Modjeska, Sarah Bernhardt, and Eleanora Duse, not to mention other famous Marguerites, is no easy one, but she comes out of the ordeal with flying colours. The keynote to her performance is its refinement, Mrs. Potter evidently, and rightly, recognising the fact that the Lady of the Camellias was of a delicate and ladylike disposition, despite her surroundings. Mrs. Potter is particularly successful in the pleading scenes with the elder Duval and with Armand. Indeed, when she played the part the other night at Brixton, her effective impersonation in the fourth act, most admirably helped by Mr. Kyrle Bellw, evoked some half-dozen enthusiastic calls. As for her Worth dresses, they are revelations in the art of costuming. Mr. Bellw is seen to distinct advantage as Armand, a character in which his romantic appearance and impassioned style have full scope. On the occasion of my visit, Mr. Bellw further distinguished himself by playing Armand's father as well as the young lover, thereby proving once more that he might, had he chosen, have become a fine "character" actor. All the same, I think that he should keep to the younger parts, an opinion which must be shared by all who remember Mr. Bellw as Young Marlow and Orlando in the old days of the Imperial Theatre, under the management of Marie Litton.

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MOET'S "W.D.S."
GIESLER'S "First Quality,"

with the result that the VEUVE MONNIER came out first, once; second, twice; third, eight times; and fourth, once.

Here, again, no higher test could be given to a first quality wine than to be put in competition with such popular wines as above enumerated, the market prices of which range from 60s. to 64s.

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A NEW SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART.

In the silly season, that frivolous period of irresponsible inanity when the sea-serpent shares the columns of the daily papers with the big gooseberry and the connubial speculations of a Mrs. Mona Caird, we have sometimes had a correspondence upon the enthralling subject of "Should there be a School of Dramatic Art?" Remembering the profound philosophy of these chaste discussions, let us pause and regret. They can come no more. The ground has been cut from under them. A School of Dramatic and Operatic Art is coming—has, in fact, practically already come.

Whence and whither? The question may well clamour for an answer, for the air has certainly not been heavy with portent. The City Fathers do not usually permit themselves to indulge in the trivial amusement of the surprise-packet. But *fronti nulla fides*. The announcement that the Guildhall School of Music is to have a School of Dramatic and Operatic Art must presumably be regarded as the civic form of indulging in the diversion of the Easter-egg. We can admire the price of the egg, however the ovum itself may turn out in the hatching. The price at which it has been purchased is £22,000—somewhat expensive, as eggs go, but not too dear if the venture successfully answers its purpose. Mr. W. H. Cummings, whose succession to the late Sir Joseph Barnby as Principal realised the eternal desirability of round pegs being fitted into round holes, is enthusiastic, as he should be, with regard to the future of the school and its potentialities.

"Until now," he said warmly to a *Sketch* representative, "there has never been a public school of dramatic and operatic art. The need of one has been debated over and over again, and here we are at last making an attempt to supply the want. The sum being expended by the Corporation is the best proof of the seriousness of the effort. We have had operatic classes almost from the beginning, of course, but we have never had proper facilities for complete instruction. The only stage that we have possessed has been the improvised one in the Practice Hall, on which there has not been room enough even to teach the student how to 'walk on.' The same disadvantage has applied with equal force to elocution. As I have said, there has never been a complete School of Dramatic Art in this country, but the new Guildhall Dramatic and Operatic School will be perfect in its equipment, and the instruction and preparation will be thorough and complete in every detail."

"Then, I suppose, the plans include a new staff of professors?"

"Yes; there will be a professional stage-director, an expert chorus-master, a trained prompter, and other permanent officials."

"And the stage?"

"It will be a perfect stage, equipped in every respect in the same way as the stage of an ordinary theatre. It will be built on exactly the same lines as the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, and there will be ample dressing-room accommodation. Not only shall we now be able to teach stage deportment and dramatic declamation as they ought to be taught, but we shall also have a fencing-master to instruct the budding Irving in the gentle art of theatrical fence. So far do we intend to go, and so anxious are the School Committee of the Corporation to ensure perfection in every department, that I am starting at once for Paris in order to study the method on which the classes of the Paris Conservatoire have been conducted for the past hundred years."

"And when do you expect the new extensions of the School will be finished?"

"They will not be long now, and as soon as the new Orchestral Saloon is finished we shall at once begin the classes. It will be a most handsome chamber, with a Grand Circle built on similar lines to the balconies at Her Majesty's. The old Practice Hall was capable of seating only four hundred people; the new saloon will accommodate seven hundred, so that our seating capacity will be practically doubled. Better still, our music-teaching facilities will be increased by the addition of twenty-seven new class-rooms."

"And the improvements when all is finished—what will they be?"

"They will enable me to carry out important changes all round. In the first place, I shall be able to carry out an arrangement by which all the lady students will have the west side of the school reserved to them, and the male students will have an allotment of the east side of it. This arrangement, which will include a refreshment-room for the ladies, will be facilitated by a new entrance-hall from John Carpenter Street, adjoining the new Orchestral Saloon. Another improvement will be the abolition of the basement class-rooms; the work of the school is now such that they can be employed for other purposes, and the new class-rooms will render them no longer necessary for teaching purposes."

"How quickly will you be able to empty the new hall?"

"The whole audience of seven hundred people will be able to leave the building in seven minutes. Not only will the emergency exits be ample in themselves, but we shall have the advantage of the suspended gangway between our own building and the City of London School for Girls, which is also Corporation property."

"Then, I suppose, the old Practice Hall will in future be a kind of white elephant—you will have no further use for it?"

"No, not at all. I am glad to see the back of that old wooden stage, for it was always a source of danger. Its removal enables you to see what a really fine chamber the old hall is. The stage has hitherto spoiled its proportions, and has entirely hidden the handsome alcove at its east end; but now I hope soon to place in it an organ which shall be in every way worthy of the school. There couldn't be a better chamber for 'carrying' the voice, and now that I have got the old stage replaced by a specially designed platform, we shall use the hall for general

purposes. In short, with the new building and the new departure, we are improving all round."

"Have you already students entered for the new school?"

"As soon as we can begin the dramatic and operatic course, two hundred pupils will commence studying at once. The general students of the Guildhall School number nearly four thousand; so, you see, we shall need every inch of our room."

"And new developments—have you any in view?"

"Yes; we are making arrangements to add at least three entirely new departments to the school."

"Can you tell me what their character will be?"

"No, I am afraid I cannot, or, if I did, I could only describe them to you in confidence. You see, they will be classes for instruction in musical subjects which have never before been attempted in this country. They will be quite new experiments, and, if their nature were made public, we should probably find somebody attacking them, and using them to forestall us before we could ourselves put them into operation."

MORE GRAMMAR THAT WENT.

There has lately grown up a somewhat curious superstition among busy journalists that grammar is a matter of little concern to any human writers. Not perceiving that grammar is only the logic of speech, and that therefore, if you really desire to say what you mean, you must of necessity take the strictest pains with regard to grammar, these excellent gentlemen are, in their impetuous, impulsive way, agitating for what is practically the privilege of laziness and carelessness. When Mr. Labouchere, in *Truth*, asserts that "I respect a man who really fights himself," he would probably resent correction on the ground that everybody knows what he means, a reason, nevertheless, which would be equally cogent in support of an agitation to introduce Pidgin English into journalism. So, when another writer in the same paper says of the songs of a certain comic opera that of them "there are perhaps a superabundance," nobody could maintain that the meaning was anything but clear, whatever you might think of the manner of its expression. The absurd controversy upon the split infinitive again, for an example, is another sign of the impatience with which, among others, the impulsive Celt—dare one say Mr. Bernard Shaw?—disregards exactness both in thought and in expression. Let it depend upon the ear, cried Mr. Shaw, and, if it sounds all right, by all means split your infinitives and show that the word "to" is of no earthly value in the matter. Unfortunately, if one depended on the sound for the accuracy of one's reasoning, we might as well close the Law Courts and run a-muck to-morrow.

It would be a profitable, and need not be an unkindly, undertaking to collect a weekly sheaf of the more glaring grammatical errors that are perpetrated from day to day in current journalism. Such a collection would not be made, be it understood, in a spirit of pedantry, but as a positive sign of the loose reasoning, the ambiguity of phrase, and, therefore, of the halting logic, which are everywhere prevalent to-day. When, for instance, another writer in the number of *Truth* already mentioned says that a "charming story" "fails only in supplying its hero with an adequate motive," he clearly did not mean that the supplying of an adequate motive was the sole failure of the charming story, but he says so all the same. Nor did Mr. Julian Ralph mean what he said in the *Daily Mail* the other day, when he made a breezy reference to "plain cotton coolie-women's jackets." A plain cotton coolie-woman would be an interesting vision. "There are a certain class of women" slips from a letter-writer in the same paper. Then under the same category of careless writing would come the endless list of slipshod quotations, mistaken attributions of work, and the employment of meaningless words. What did a recent contributor to the *Mail* mean, in an appreciation of Aubrey Beardsley, by the remark, "He knew that he was brittle, foredoomed"? But these are no more than passing references. A week's steady hunt would, doubtless, reveal unsuspected treasures.

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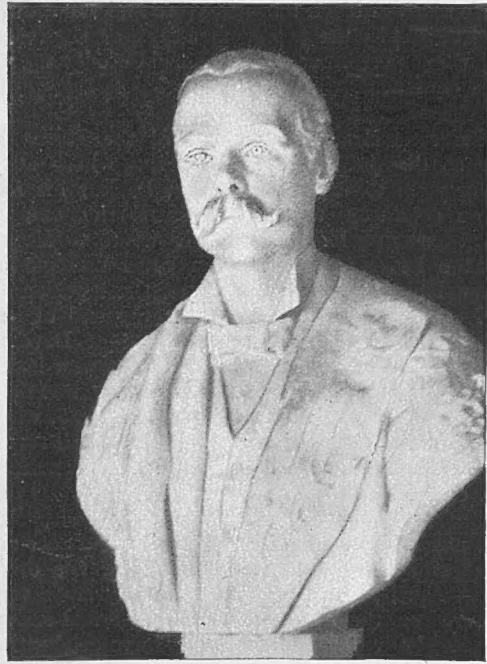
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"This work deserves careful study."—*QUEEN*. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—*WESTERN GAZETTE*. "This is the very best book on corpulency that has ever been written."—*LADY*.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

SMALL TALK.

Popularity in the House of Commons is as capricious as a woman. There are no fixed rules for wooing it and winning it. Some men, with no faults, are turned unsuccessful away. Others secure it unaccountably.

Among the latter is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who unveiled Lord Randolph's bust last week and a few days later introduced the Budget. Even Sir Michael's admirers did not paint him as a perfect person. Deputations have learned, perhaps for their good, that he has a temper of his own. Nobody would describe him as amiable. Yet he is one of the most popular men in the House of Commons. When he unbends, the House is keenly interested. Last year he made sport of the smokers, among whom Mr. Chamberlain is conspicuous, and in his latest Budget speech he confessed that he was a total abstainer, not only from tobacco, but from tea. His favourite beverage is cocoa. But he has no

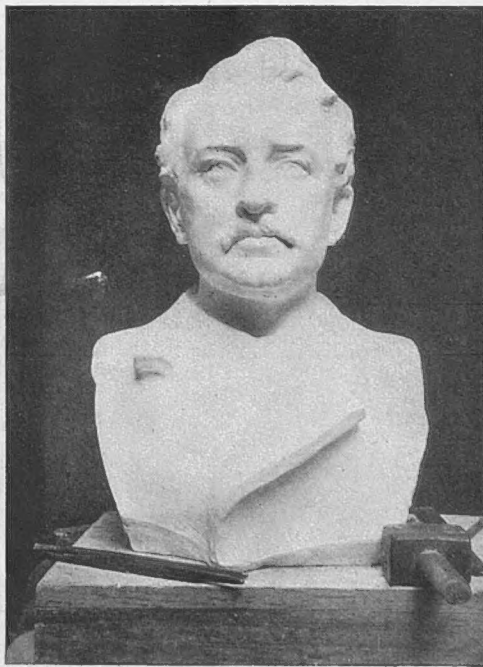


THE BUST OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Photo by Shelley.

desire to discourage the use of articles for which he has, personally, no inclination. On the contrary, the more that tea and tobacco are used, the better the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be pleased. Sir Michael enjoyed another little "rub" at his colleagues when he remarked that they paid no more attention to his homilies on economy than to a sermon in church. The members of the Government, it must be confessed, took no offence at the sally; but what will Sir Michael's friends, the parsons, say?

The bust of Lord Randolph Churchill, by Mr. Waldo Story, which has been placed in the Members' Entrance to the House of Commons, will assist to preserve the memory of a politician of genius. There is diversity of opinion as to the degree of success with which the sculptor has reproduced his features, but what impressed one chiefly in his face were his brilliant, roaming eyes, and the curling moustache which he used to finger so nervously, and it is far from easy to embody the expression of the eye in marble. In his later years Lord Randolph grew a beard, but fortunately this does not appear in the bust. The moustache is reproduced just as he was accustomed to curl it at the time that he sprang from the leadership of the Fourth Party to a commanding place in the Cabinet. His career was very extraordinary and very pathetic. Of the new men who have come to the front during the last quarter of a century there has been none to equal Lord Randolph in masterfulness except Mr. Parnell and Mr. Chamberlain; but, just at the time that he seemed to be assured of the succession to the Prime Ministership, he made the fatal mistake of his life. If he did not deserve a statue among the Peels and Palmerstons, he certainly was worthy of a niche for a bust, and, though it will not be seen by the general public, members of the House of Commons themselves, on glancing up at the bust as they pass in and out, may think with kindly feelings of the impetuous young man of genius who was for a few months their leader. If they want to



MR. CECIL RHODES IN MARBLE.

draw a moral, they will find it by looking on this bust and on that of Lord Randolph's successor, Mr. W. H. Smith.

Apropos of the meeting of the Chartered Company, the white marble bust of Mr. Rhodes which has just been completed by Mr. Tweed is of interest. Unless I am greatly mistaken, this is the first graven image of the Cape Colossus ever produced in this, or for that matter, any other country.

For many weeks the clock in the tower of St. Clement Danes has pointed to 12.20. As a parishioner, I ask the Rev. Septimus Pennington why this should be—

Oh, tell me truly, Mr. Vicar,
Why is your clock so very "siccar"?
Like Helen's Babies, long renowned,
I want "to see the hands go 'wound.'"

May Day is upon us, not the May Day of the earlier poets, but, at any rate, the May Day of the existing calendar. May Day observances are, however, even less in evidence than those which formerly enlivened the 5th of November. Where are the May Day sweeps and the Jack-in-the-green which even the middle-aged can remember in many a London suburb? Those sweeps won the affection of "Elia," but their hold upon the community has long since died. As to May-poles, they have been traditional for many a year. Indeed, if I remember rightly, Washington Irving, in the immortal "Sketch-Book," records having seen only one, and that was "on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester." Tennyson has made us all familiar (too familiar) with the Queen of the May; but are there any Queens of the May still existing except the one given us yearly by Mr. Ruskin's College? In Devonshire, when I was a very little boy, it was a custom to carry round a big doll, or perhaps a small child, in a basket smothered in flowers. This rejoiced in the name of a "May baby," but I fancy May babies are as much things of the past as May-poles, May sweeps, and those London milkmaids who once upon a time footed it merrily around a fine milch-cow garlanded, like themselves, with flowers of May.

Jemadar Mohummad Ali Khan is the first Indian officer of our Imperial forces who has been brought to England to go through the long course of gunnery at Shoeburyness and elsewhere. He is an officer of our Mauritius Companies of Royal Artillery. These corps form a part of the force raised among the fighting races of India some years since to serve outside the limits of the Indian Empire under the War Office. There are, in addition to the infantry, nine of these Asiatic companies of Royal Artillery, four being stationed at Hong-Kong, two in Mauritius, two in Ceylon, and one at Singapore. Having obtained a first-class gunnery certificate, qualifying him as an instructor in gunnery and range-finding, the Jemadar is shortly returning to his station in Mauritius. His company was included in the Indian and Colonial contingent of the Diamond Jubilee Procession.



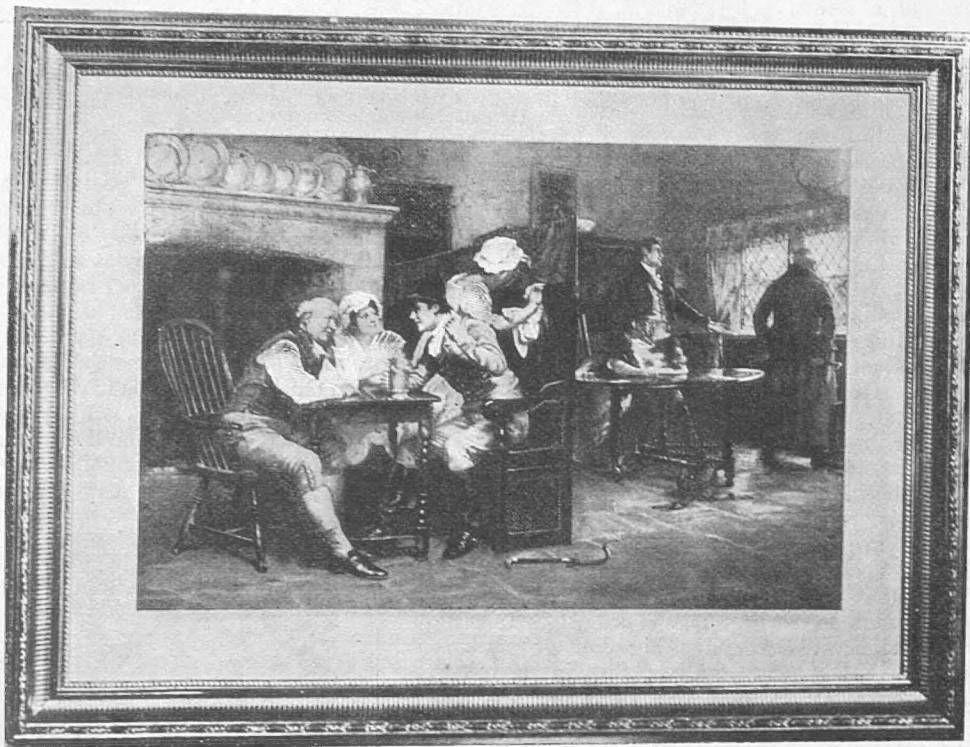
JEMADAR MOHUMMAD ALI KHAN.

Photo by Dalby, Woolwich.

A correspondent writes: "As I have the pleasure of numbering Mr. Cunninghame Graham among my friends, I am sorry Mr. John Morrison Davidson's designation of him as 'King Robert IV. of Scotland' is questionable. Mr. Walter Graham Easton, who is recognised by publications dealing with genealogy as an authority on such matters, and who is, moreover, a kinsman of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, showed that the legitimate line of the Kings of Scotland is represented by his cousin, Mr. George Graham of Leitchtown, who has recently entered a formal claim to the Earldom of Menteith, which claim is not disputed, although the title has for some time been in abeyance. This title is of great antiquity, as the Earl of Menteith was one of the seven Thanes or original Earls who appointed the Kings of Scotland. It appears that Prince David, Earl of Strathern and elder son of King Robert II. of Scotland, had an only daughter who married Sir Patrick Graham of Kilpont, and these were the parents of a Graham who was the first Earl of Menteith. Whether this ancient earldom will be revived remains to be seen, but the claim to it of Mr. George Graham of Leitchtown, who is now resident in Canada, is unquestioned. Meanwhile, according to statements recently made in publications connected with heraldry, a certain registration of arms in the Lion Office is inconsistent with the claim that Mr. Cunninghame Graham is descended from the Menteith—that is, the royal—branch of the Grahams. However this may be, Mr. Graham Easton is engaged on an elaborate history of the Grahams, which requires a portly volume all to itself, and when it appears much light will be thrown on the subject."

The Queen will be remembered at Netley by the pictures she presented. The Christmas Number plate of the *Illustrated London News* looks very handsome in the frame the Queen gave with it.

Mr. Clifford Harrison, looking well and vigorous, has begun auspiciously his spring recitals on Saturday afternoons in Steinway



THE CHRISTMAS PLATE OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AS FRAMED AND PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN TO NETLEY HOSPITAL.

Hall. At the opening recital he was greeted with the usual enthusiasm, justified by the exquisite elocution and delightful playing on the piano-forte which rewarded his loyal listeners. Mr. Harrison recited "Sir Aglovaile" and Buchanan's "Ballad of Judas Iscariot" with particular success. The delicate nuances and subtle meanings of both poems could not have had a more skilful interpreter. Lighter pieces in the programme were Jerome's "Women and Wheels," Charlotte Stetson's "An Original," and "Mr. Silas Wegg," the last-named being obviously a favourite with the reciter as much as with his hearers. It is unnecessary to commend the beautiful accompaniments which give Mr. Clifford Harrison's recitals a unique charm. Another example of his versatility is shown by his collection of pen-and-ink drawings now being exhibited by Messrs. Graves.

Beyond the fact that it will materially alter the appearance of the vicinity, the big hotel now building at the north-east corner of Leicester Square should have a peculiar interest to those who care to recall the historic associations of the Metropolis. It was on this site that once stood Leicester House, a mansion built by that Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, who was the father of three children whose names remain memorable in our country's annals—Algernon Sidney, the pure-minded and devoted patriot whose head fell to gratify the Court hatred in the days of the Merry Monarch; Henry Sidney, whose handsome person remains embalmed in the De Grammont Memoirs; and the Lady Dorothy Sidney, who was immortalised by the poet Waller in the fashion of his day under the fanciful name of Scharissa. During the imprisonment of Charles I., his youngest children, the Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth, lived here for a time under the care of the Earl and Countess of Leicester; and here Elizabeth of Bohemia, daughter of James I. and mother of the fiery Prince Rupert, died in 1662. It was here that Colbert, the Ambassador of the Grand Monarque, lived in the days

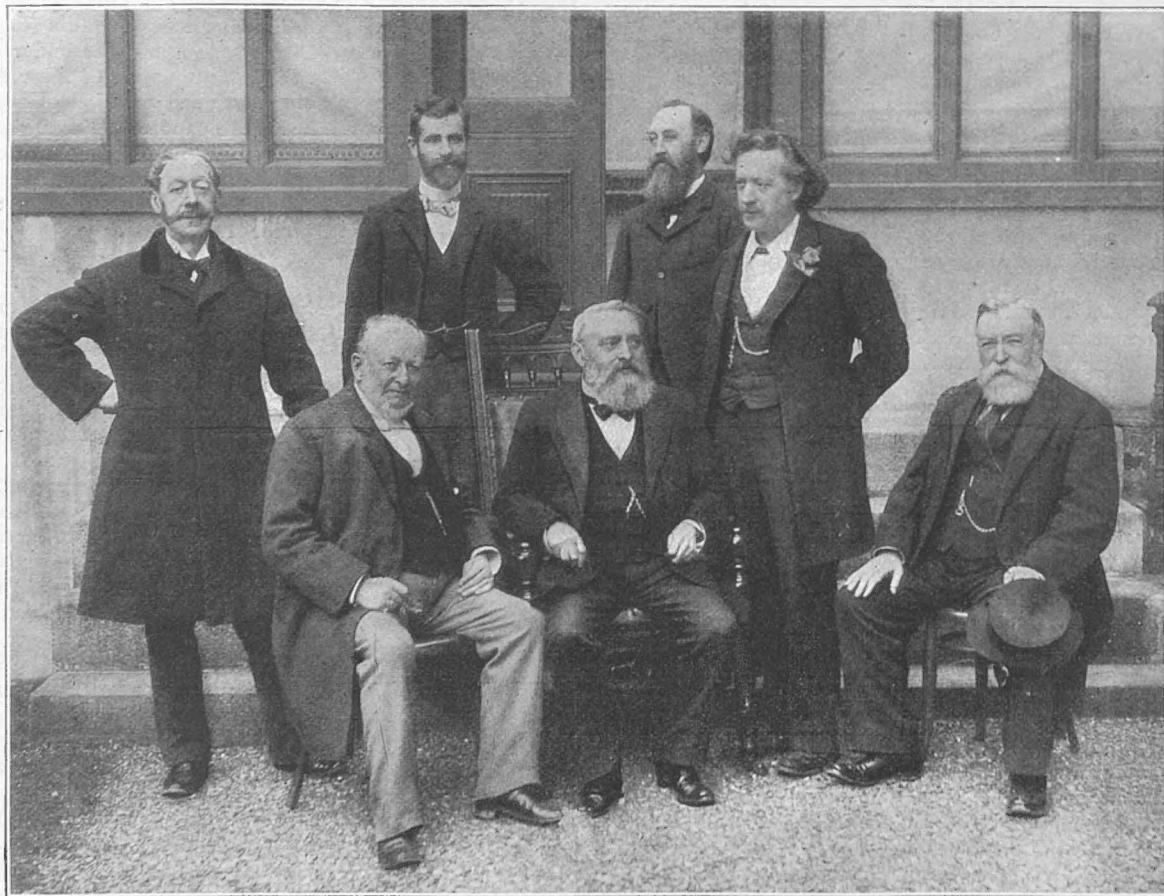
of Charles II. and was written of by the immortal gossip Pepys. Prince Eugene lay at Leicester House when, in 1712, he came upon a secret mission, and here two Princes of Wales—the first who was afterwards George II., the second his son Frederick—came to reside when each had successively quarrelled with his august sire. In Leicester House the "Butcher of Culloden" saw the light, and literature and the drama were patronised by the junior members of the royal family, who performed Addison's "Cato" in its spacious chambers.

At Leicester House the conduct of the Maids of Honour so disgusted a royal coachman, whose duty it was for years to drive them, that he left his son £300, on condition that he never married one of them—at least, so Horace Walpole wrote to Mann. Sir Ashton Lever formed his wonderful museum at Leicester House, and the garden of the mansion on which New Lisle Street was built at the end of last century was once the "best prospect" of Dryden. The Empire Theatre, the neighbour of the new hotel, is erected on the site of another great mansion, Saville House, which was in existence in 1865, when it was burned to the ground; its underground rooms were converted into wine shades, and the site remained unbuilt on for several years.

The music-hall stage of a generation ago does not often come back to us in living form, but the other evening—April 14, to be precise—it did return very vigorously for the Caledonian Society of London. That genial body of "brither Scots" was celebrating its last monthly dinner for the winter at the Holborn Restaurant, under the able chairmanship of Mr. John Kennedy, president of the society, and to many it seemed like a leaf out of the book of the past when, after dinner, the chair called upon one of the guests, Mr. Mackney, for a song. With the sprightliness of youth, the grey-haired artist, so familiar in "the halls" of long ago, positively skipped to the piano, and, after a few chords, struck into his old, old success, the parody, "Just behind the battle, mother, I am sneaking out of view." Mr. Mackney's voice is a marvel of freshness still, his drollery inextinguishable by time, his touch on the piano magical as of yore—at least, so said elderly men in the company, who, like Newton in Gray's "Progress of Poesy," "bent from their state sublime to nod their hoary head and listen to the rhyme." Then, after due applause, they fell to wrangling gently as to whether it was twenty-eight or thirty-eight years since they used to delight in the song and the singer. No matter how they settled it, one and all agreed that both were as good, some said even better, than ever. On an urgent appeal, Mr. Mackney consented to sing once more, when he gave "Treat me once again."

Alderman Keenan.

Thomas Kennedy, B.A. Count Plunkett.



Sir Thomas Brady.

Right Hon. Lord Mayor

Thomas Pim.

THE DUBLIN MANSION HOUSE COMMITTEE ON DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

The two sides of the American-Spanish War from the caricaturist's point of view are vividly illustrated by the cartoons I reproduce from the Madrid paper *Gedeon* and the New York *Judge*. Comment is superfluous.

How should we stand for food in a great war, say with Russia and France combined? This is made the subject of rather gruesome



HOW SPAIN'S CARICATURISTS REGARD THE CRISIS.
Reproduced from the Madrid Paper "Gedeon."

speculation in a clever brochure entitled "When War Breaks Out," by Mr. H. W. Wilson and Mr. Arnold White. Within a week of the beginning of hostilities food in London is at famine prices. It is not that the national supplies run short, for there is enough food for the whole people for three or four months; but prices are such that the poor cannot be fed. This fact is utilised by Socialist agitators to persuade the working classes that it is a capitalists' war, and the popular demand for peace at any price is so strong that a humiliating treaty is made even after the destruction of the French and Russian fleets off Beachy Head. I doubt this poverty of national spirit in the hour of victory. Nor is it credible that France and Russia would be allowed to cut the ocean cables, especially those belonging to the United States, for the purpose of isolating England, without exposing themselves to something stronger than remonstrance from neutral Powers. But the risks to our food supply in so great an emergency, and the inadequacy of our naval equipment as regards cruisers, are skilfully brought out in this little book, which attests the alertness as well as the rather formidable imagination of the Navy League.

Mr. Arthur Waugh's "Legends of the Wheel" shows how gracefully the spirit of the cyclist can attune itself to minstrelsy. Perhaps the best of many good things in this little volume is the "Song of the Bike," an admirable parody of Mr. Henley's "Song of the Sword." Mr. Waugh apologises for using the word "bike," and explains that he has lent to it the sanction not of poetry, but only of inverted commas. I fear this distinction will be lost upon many cyclists who are renewing the associations of childhood by reducing their language to words of one syllable.

It has often been said that women do not appreciate Dickens. This is not the opinion of the Boston ladies, who have formed a Dickens Club for the study of the great novelist's writings, and to resist that frivolous spirit of the age which is inclined to make light of him. I have received a copy of the rules of the club, and of one of the presidential addresses. From this I learn that the members have lately finished a careful examination of "Pickwick." Judging from the tone of the address, this exercise has not left the club in a very hilarious state. The president alludes to "Pickwick" as if it were a very profound and solemn work, like Dante's "Inferno." Evidently it is the sentimental side of Dickens which appeals most strongly to these Boston students. I should like to know their views about the character and career of Mrs. Bardell. That suffering woman has hitherto been treated by masculine commentators with levity; but I feel sure that the members of the Dickens Club were unable to read the story of her unrequited passion for Mr. Pickwick without tears.

Who would not be a bank-manager at Hungerford? There is a pleasant custom of that Berkshire town which authorises two elected representatives of the citizens to kiss all the women on a certain day. The happy impersonators of the Berkshire Don Juan this year are the managers of the London and County Bank and the Capital and Counties Bank at Hungerford. Did the ladies pay their kisses to a current

account? Will they expect cheque-books, and the privilege of writing "Pay self or order ten kisses sterling"? Or do the citizens of Hungerford sternly limit this kissing to the traditional ceremonial? Anyway, here is a pretty subject for inquiry by a professional moralist like the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. He ought to start a mission at Hungerford without delay, for that seems to be one of the few places where the old spirit of Merrie England still flaunts its disrespect for unbending Puritanism.

Mr. L. F. Austin writes to me: "Some of your readers are humanely curious about my welfare since the disappearance of 'At Random' from your pages. One correspondent asks whether I am down with influenza. Another, a Cork man, is more concerned about his own condition. His complexion, he says, has assumed the hue of indigo, because I am no longer here to make him laugh once a week. This is serious. If he will take a regular dose of 'Our Note-Book,' in the *Illustrated London News*, his delicate flesh-tints, I hope, will soon be restored. The remedy is not dear, and he need not shake the bottle."

"*Fashion*—Edited by 'Beau Brummel Junr.' Such is the latest way of inducing the mere man to part with sixpence monthly. Let me describe the paper—

If you ever want to strut in a fashionable cut,
You must read the latest magazine sartorial;
For it tells you all the rules of the Bennetts and the Pooles,
(And they're strict as any ordinance armorial).
If you want to be a dandy, you must keep the journal handy,
For it indicates the things you ought to wear,
For the different sort of weather, from your glossy patent-leather
To the proper way of brushing up your hair.

It will teach you what's the style you should follow for the while,
Whether clerical, or brokery, or bankery.
You can nearly always gauge from the actors on the stage
(And a model will be found in "Mr. Tanqueray").
But I'm sorry Mr. Bouchier is regarded as a sloucher,
For his overcoats are "dressing-gowns" disguised;
And the magazine makes merry over Mr. Frederick Terry,
For his reefer suits are rather criticised.

There are laws on boots and hats and the colour of cravats,
There are doctrines for the beautiful frock co(a)terie;
Thus, you never ought to shape in an Invernessian cape,
If you'd really be a fashionable votary.
Yet, when fishing in the Tummel, what is good for Mr. Brummel
Would assuredly be painfully *de trop*;
So be careful what you walk in, or you're sure to get a talkin'
From a man who never wots of Cheyne Row.

As for me, I must confess that the law affecting dress
Is a matter I regard with equanimity;
I can never take the creed which applies to gloves and tweed,
For in summer I would rather walk in dimity.
A fashionable tailor I consider as a jailer
Who would shackle me according to a code;
So I'd rather dress in mufti than be regulation cuffy,
Though I'm conscious that it isn't *à la mode*.



THE AMERICAN'S IDEA OF HOW THE WAR WILL END.
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Despite the rival attractions of war, the *New York Journal* has found time to give two whole pages to the great Druce Mystery, under this head—

STRANGE JEKYLL-HYDE MYSTERY OF THE CENTURY.

Will the Coffin be full of bones or lead?

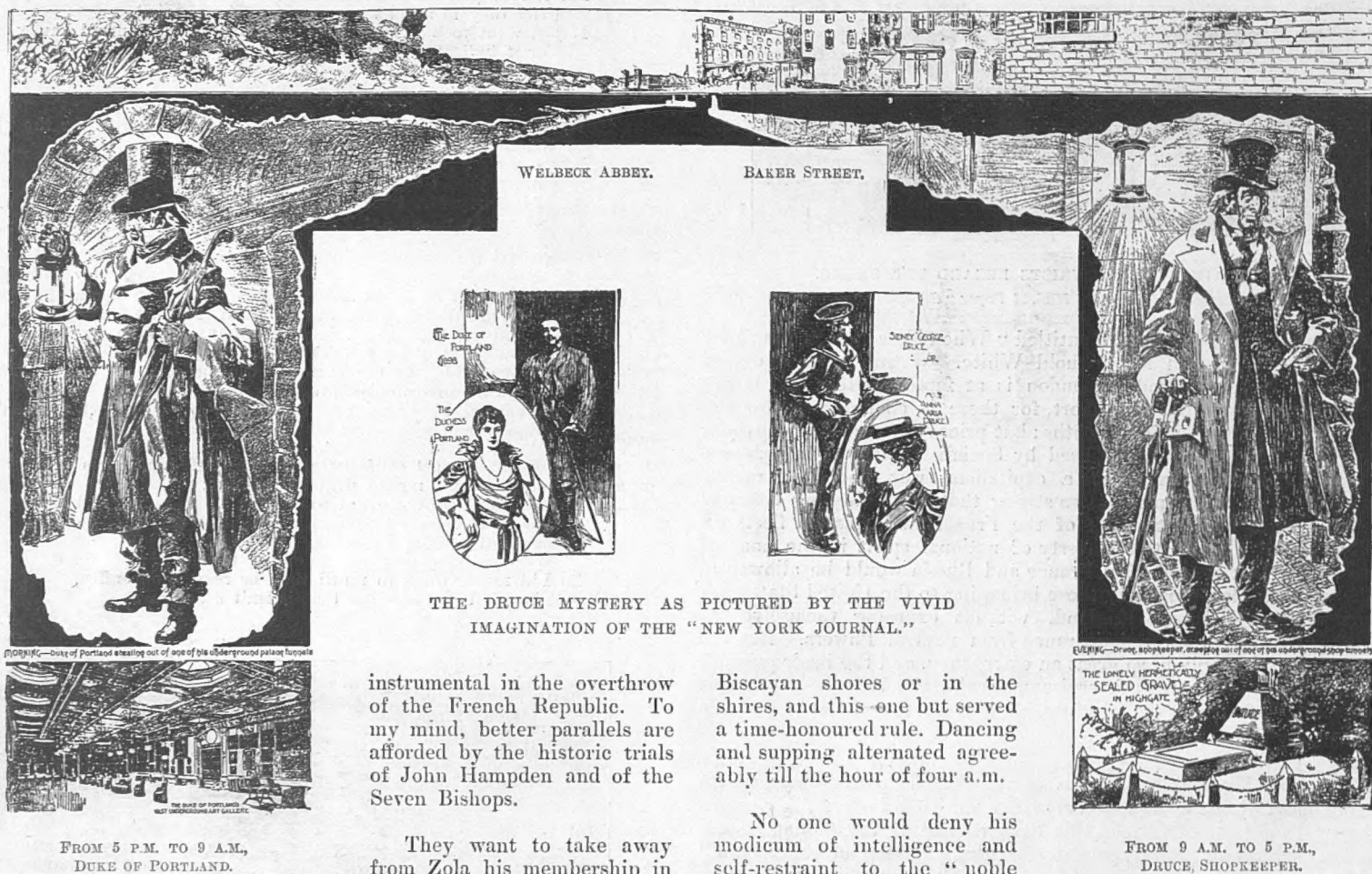
A story of double life to be laid bare by Young Sailorman Druce, who claims he is the real heir to the Dukedom of Portland and its enormous riches, and that there is nothing but lead in his "Grandfather's" grave.

M. John Grand-Carteret has sent me a copy of his "L'Affaire Dreyfus et L'Image," which is a kind of pictorial bibliography of the Dreyfus case. He has collected the caricatures which have teemed from the European Press, and has fitted them with a lucid and piquant commentary. The pictures, especially the French pictures, are very expressive. Nothing else gives so vivid an impression of the passions which have been excited in France by M. Zola's crusade. But the most significant picture of all has been reproduced from Mr. Linley Sambourne's cartoon in *Punch*, which has even more point now, while France is waiting for the second trial of M. Zola, than it had three months ago.

A friend of mine who does not despise his classics likens the Zola trial, or trials, to the arraignment of Alcibiades for being concerned in the mutilation of the busts of Hermes, adding that, as the one circumstance precipitated the fall of Athens, so the second may be similarly

of a title—a sort of boomerang. A democratic decoration is a contradiction in terms. "It is ridiculous," said Lafayette, and he refused the plaque of Grand Officer. Lafayette was right, and the Legion confers its greatest distinction when it turns a member out for an independent conscientious opinion.

Time has been going to the jingle of string bands and the patter of light fantastic toe lately at Biarritz, where the very last and liveliest diversion was Monday's Hunt Ball at the Angletterre. Unnumbered trophies of *la chasse* intermingled peacefully and picturesquely with the scented flower garlands and towering palms of this more than ordinarily ornamental occasion. About two hundred of "the set" were present, among the beauties being Miss Paulett, wearing silver-embroidered blue satin, Miss Jeffords a velvet moiré in the same shade, and Miss Mostyn, in soft chiffon covered white. A cotillon, rendered notable by its splendid favours, which were presented by the Marquis de San Carlos, was led by M. Miguel Arizcun and Miss Jeffords. Lady Hervey Bathurst and her daughters were in the room, the Marquise de San Carlos also, wearing an especially gorgeous black lace dress, its intricate patterns sewn over with small silver and jet sequins; Prince Sapieha, an indefatigable dancer; Hon. Mrs. Mostyn, Hon. Mrs. Denny, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kennedy, Hon. Mrs. Netterville, with her daughter; M. de Brocq, a popular M.F.H.; and, in fact, the Pyrenean *hoi polloi* collectively. A Hunt Ball never misses its "go," whether held on



they do this, the French Government will have ranged itself alongside the Academy, that has always refused Zola its door, and by this means the chief of the naturalistic school may thank his people for setting a seal to his immortality. It is one of many ways to recompense a distinguished countryman.

A fall out of the Legion would hardly break any bones. For, as the Order has something like fifty thousand members, admission signifies, if one has, like Zola, been niggardly accorded the lowest rank, that one is recognised to have the value of fifty thousand other people. Which is something, to be sure, if one is a drum-major, but, if one has already a position intellectually unique, cannot be called a distinction. It is rather a polite way of saying, "You are no better than the rest of us."

And, large as the Order is, it does not cover enough ground to suit the Third Republic, that has created a whole vegetation of sub-orders. Thus, there are the Academic Palms, instituted for professors and accorded with equal munificence to men of letters and to opera-dancers; and the Médal d'Agricultural Merit, bestowed the other day, to his great surprise doubtless, upon a captain of Zouaves. It is said that a certain perfume-merchant, in possession of the highest honour, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, cautioned the Government that it "ought to respect those already decorated by not bestowing its crosses too prodigally." He had a jealous eye, it may be, on the butcher next door. In fact, Napoleon instituted the Order as a levelling machine, that was at the same time to tickle the mass with a pretence

Biscayan shores or in the shires, and this one but served a time-honoured rule. Dancing and supping alternated agreeably till the hour of four a.m.

No one would deny his modicum of intelligence and self-restraint to the "noble animal" who had been present at the Concours Hippique on Saturday, the last day of the Prix de Paris. One of the competing horses managed to unseat his rider, and, to everyone's horror, this young officer's foot caught in the stirrup. Feeling the drag, his splendid beast stood absolutely still until a rescue was effected, when, the moment his rider was once more up and on, he shot forward with every symptom of excitement after the rest—too late, of course, but, as one of the judges who had witnessed the incident said, "gloriously late." Vicomtesse de Florian, Duchesse de Reggio, and Princesse de Lucinges were among the particularly well-dressed notabilities present.

A heartrending story comes from Paris about an old lady of seventy called Virginia, who lived alone with her parrot, named Sylvia, and her cat Nestor. Some days ago, to the despair of her mistress, Sylvia died. Mdlle. Virginia hastened to take her to the bird-stuffer's, who sent her home a few days later looking even more beautiful than she did in life. Mdlle. Virginia, somewhat comforted, placed her treasure on a table to admire, but was called out of the room presently. Nestor, who in her lifetime had been filled with a wholesome awe of Sylvia's beak, now determined to pay off old scores. With one bound he alighted on the table, and to reduce Sylvia to a heap of feathers was the work of an instant. But, alas! Nemesis was at hand, for naturalists use arsenic in stuffing birds, and Nestor, seized with horrible pains, presently expired. The sight of Nestor dead and Sylvia in fragments was too much for the poor old maid. She lit a charcoal-stove and attempted to suffocate herself, but the emanations from the charcoal attracted attention, and some neighbours arrived in time to save her.

Notwithstanding the immense amount of time and money which are being spent on education in India, the average native is still as superstitious as ever. During the recent eclipse all the bathing ghats along the banks of the Hoogly were thronged with men, women, and children of all conditions, who were absolutely convinced that, unless they did their Pujah, the dragon, which was then trying to swallow up the sun, would afterwards descend to the earth and devour them. This snapshot show the crowd that assembled at one of the two chief bathing ghats in Calcutta—Baboo Ghat and Mullick Durmahatt Ghat—to perform their oblations.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is still crowded with Klondykers and their baggage, including sleighs and rigs of all sorts, and followed by car-loads of ponies, oxen, mules, reindeer, and dogs, to be used as means of transport when they have passed the realm of railroads and steam-boats. Dogs appear to be extremely popular as draught-animals, for any mongrel cur that bears the slightest resemblance to a "Huskie" can be sold for ten or fifteen dollars.

The appearance and nationalities of the enthusiastic gold-seekers are as various as those of their dumb companions. "Our town," writes a correspondent from Broadview, "is at the end of one of the railroad divisions, so all the trains stop here to take in fuel and water, and in the interval the platform is crowded with some strange specimens of the race. We notice the smart, well-groomed London clerk, in stiff felt hat, pointed-toed light boots, and immaculate kid gloves, who, though he has a complete colonial and miner's outfit in the luggage-car, puts off as long as possible the evil day when he will be forced to renounce the garments of civilisation. It is easy to identify the Yankee and Canadian contingent by their hard, weather-beaten faces, and sinewy frames, and by the fact



OFF TO KLONDYKE.

that they wear their homespun jumpers, fur overcoats, and well-fitting mocassins 'as to the manner born,' and speak of their journey and its object rather as business than as an adventure. Added to these there is a sprinkling of Chinamen, Germans, French, and half-breed Indians, the latter sometimes accompanied by their women, some of whom have babies in arms and children clinging to their skirts."

From the "Kalibari," in the holiest and dirtiest of cities, Pundit Ram Ram Shungjomi kindly sends me, "with the author's highly regards," a copy in the original Sanskrit of his "Avadhuta Gita," which Professor Max Müller has found in parts "very beautiful." The little book, though ill-bound, is pleasing as a piece of typography. The good pundit, like his Western counterpart, has his benevolent little fad, which he brings under my notice in a circular enclosed with his gift. This is the establishment of an asylum for the religious—"Sadhus, Sanyasis, and Hindoos without race distinction." "With a view to remove this long-felt want," a house has been purchased from Srimutty Bhuban Mohinny Sen, wife (*sic*) of the late Babu Gobind Chundra Sen. My friend Ram Ram Shungjomi bought this building, and "men of good character, of all religious pursuits and studies, will be allowed to live there with the consent of the said Shungjomi." Generous pecuniary help is acknowledged from Moharsi Mohima Chundra Nakulabdhut of Swarup Samikaran Cossipore, Calcutta, whose purse evidently takes after his name for length. Ascetic rigours and transcendental contemplation do not, however, seem to fill all the programme at the asylum. True, the contemplated library is to consist especially of Shastras, but my friend writes on the fly-leaf of his volume—"Sir, we shall be much obliged if you send us a copy of the *Illustrated London News* regularly to our Sanyasi Asram." He also begs me to "please acknowledge, and comment on" his booklet; so it is plain that the mystery of the review is understood on India's coral strand. The home is in Tripura Bhyrabi Lane, at Benares. I give the precise address, in case some of my Indian readers may care to visit it.

The portrait given below of a Swaziland belle is instructive as a testimonial to the benefits conferred by the spread of civilisation. Swaziland comprises a comparatively small native state in South-East Africa, which, until the Zulu War, was left very much to its own



BABOO GHAT.

devices. By the Convention of 1894 Swaziland was placed under the beneficent rule of Mr. President Kruger. Up to the commencement of the Zulu campaign the damsels of this charming country were believed to take their walks abroad clothed in their beauty and a smile. To-day all this is changed, and the costume which has been adopted will be seen to be well suited both to the wearer and the climate. The young lady who sat for this portrait was at the time engaged on her domestic duties; hence the apron, which, it is scarcely necessary to say, does not form part of the customary Society costume. The Swazi men evince a marked respect and admiration for their womenkind, and, indeed, take an extreme delight in their society, as shown by the fact that they, as a rule, marry several of them. A very curious custom which obtains among the race is that known as "ukuhlonipa," by which women are prohibited from mentioning the name either of their husband or their husband's relatives. In order to meet this difficulty in daily intercourse, the ladies use names of their own invention, most of which consist of a series of clicks made by suddenly releasing the tongue from the lower palate.



SWAZI GIRL.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

Sir Wyke Bayliss has brought an awful indictment against the mutton-chop. When you gaze upon the blackened architecture of London, do you ever pause to consider the first cause of this lamentable defacement? It is the smoky atmosphere of this town, you say, and then you sit thoughtlessly down to your midday chop, which comes to you frizzling on its hot plate. It is a beautiful sight to a hungry man, more beautiful than all the architectural ornament in the universe, and you never reflect that, for the satisfaction of an ignominious appetite, you are handing over what should be priceless monuments to the most unscrupulous of destroying agents. For it is the daily cooking of innumerable chops which charges the atmosphere of London with all the potency of evil! Look at Somerset House. Its forbidding aspect is not due, as you might suppose, to the nefarious machinery of taxation inside; it is due to your chop! Why is St. Paul's so black? Your chop again! Don't lay the flattering unction to your soul that the exterior of the National Gallery is hideous simply to heighten the contrast of the artistic treasures within. Your chop has laid its viewless but sooty paw on those venerable walls. You may plead that other people's bacon has something to do with it, and that you don't eat bacon; but that is a subterfuge. The only atonement you can make is to become a vegetarian, and I have no doubt that Sir Wyke Bayliss's impeachment of the chop will give an immense impulse among truly conscientious citizens to the popularity of a vegetable diet.

The stocks yet remain at Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire, and are a striking memorial of an old-time punishment now passed away. In some few places these relics of a past age are still to be found standing; but, so far as is known, the Kirton-in-Lindsey stocks are the only ones now left of their particular kind.



THE STOCKS AT KIRTON-IN-LINDSEY,
LINCOLNSHIRE.

Sir John Hawkins says, in his "History of Music," that "within the memory of persons then living (1774), stocks had been used at Sion House for punishing the servants, as of old."

One evening last week I entered an omnibus at Knightsbridge and found only two passengers inside. One was a pleasant, motherly woman, whose black shawl, vigilant attitude, and tight grip of her ticket proclaimed the country cousin. The other passenger was of male gender, and reminded me of the pictures of Noah Claypole. The omnibus proceeded down Piccadilly, and my fellow-passengers kept up a spirited discourse. An inspector boarded the 'bus and asked for their tickets, and the countrywoman gave him hers, with the remark that "she hoped it was all right." When the collector and conductor had exchanged remarks I could not quite hear, the conversation was resumed, and I soon learned that the parties to it were aunt and nephew; the former had been in town some weeks, the latter but two days. "Where are we?" said Noah Claypole *redivivus* to the conductor. "This is Piccadilly," replied the official with an impudent Parthian wink at me. "Oh, I've heard of that," replied Claypole; "there be a Circus there. Is it open?" "No, sir," said the voracious conductor; "it's closed now for the Easter holidays and spring cleaning. They've taken the animals out to grass." "When will it open?" asked the country bumpkin, while I sat thinking of all the horrible things I have ever imagined that I might not spoil the fun. "I don't know the date," responded he who conducts; "they may take it on tour into the country; they often do." Aunt and nephew looked at each other, the conductor whistled softly.

The Queen of Portugal is becoming an ardent disciple of Æsculapius, following the example of Queen Margaret of Navarre. At first it was

said that she pursued her studies with such energy in order to be able to minister to her lord and master in case of illness. Now we hear that it is on account of his fast-increasing corpulence, and that her Majesty is seeking to find some means of bringing down Don Carlos' weight.

The poor man, it seems, does not look on his wife's studies with a favourable eye, and views with keen suspicion her remedies for embonpoint.

This buff Pekin bantam cock, bred and exhibited by Miss Ethel Armitage Southam, Castle House, Stafford, has won first prize and silver cup for the best bantam cock in a show of 118 entries at Liverpool. At Bridgewater he carried off a first prize and a special.



A BUFF PEKIN BANTAM COCK.

Photo by Landor, Ealing.

History repeats itself, and, under the auspices of Mr. Charles Jesty, J.P., a Mayor of phenomenal energy,

"Royal Weymouth" seems likely to regain in 1898 the prestige she enjoyed in 1798, when George III. never omitted spending a great portion of the summer at Gloucester Lodge. During the next three years the Great Western will spend two or three millions in making Weymouth a dangerous rival to Southampton, and the gigantic Harbour of Refuge will be completed by the Government during the first year of the twentieth century.

The Prince of Wales as a playgoer is dealt with in the current number of *Eureka*. It appears that the Prince does not pass in "on his face," to use the showman's phraseology. He pays for his seats once a quarter.

Apropos of the lamented death of Anton Seidl, an American critic has unearthed his much-discussed declaration, originally published, in his article on "The Development of Music," in the *Forum* for May 1892, that the compositions of Mr. E. A. MacDowell, an American musician, appeared to him "to be superior to those of Brahms."

This beautiful example of a hybrid orchid was successfully bloomed by Messrs. Hugh Low and Co., of Bush Hill Nursery, Enfield. It is the result of crossing two species of orchids from the Philippine Islands, known to botanists as *Phalenopsis intermedia* var. *Portei*, a very rare plant, and *P. Leucorrhoda*. These two parent orchids differ widely from each other in colour, and also in form; and the hybrid, curiously enough, bears no particular resemblance to either—the "side wings," instead of being white, as in both parents, being a decided canary-yellow, covered with a network of reddish-purple. For the rest, the petals and sepals of the new hybrid are white, delicately tinted with the faintest mauve, and the lower lip is apricot, lined with rich dark-purplish rose-colour. The plant, which is unique, has been named *Phalenopsis Schrödera*, after the Baroness Schröder, one of the most successful orchidists in England. The *Phalenopsis* are, perhaps, the loveliest and most delicately coloured of all Eastern orchids; they are sometimes called "moth orchids," from the fancied resemblance of the blooms to moths on the wing.



A BEAUTIFUL ORCHID.

In another part of this issue an interesting account is given of a "frozen flock." In this connection I may note that a new monthly has made its appearance, with the curious title *Ice and Cold Storage*, purporting to be a "review of the Ice-Making, Cold Storage, and Refrigerating Industries." This should prove refreshing reading for the hot season.

When Francis I. lost all save honour on the luckless field of Pavia, he left among other things in the hands of the Spaniards his royal tent, of gorgeous texture, wonderfully decorated. It fell to the share of the Marquis Pescari, husband of the poetic Victoria Colonna, and remained in the Colonna family till some years ago, when they presented it to Alfonso XII. It was sent to be restored, and has lately come back. So Francis the First's tent will be placed in the Armoury at Madrid.

On the Riviera one occasionally sees small, stunted plants of prickly pears; but in the Barbary States, and more particularly in Tunis, the prickly pear grows to a tremendous size, and to such a thickness that hedges of it form an impassable barrier to human beings and large animals. The reckless person who tries to force a way through will soon repent his temerity, as the long prickles on the leaves will speedily manage to insinuate themselves into his skin, and the wounds they make are peculiarly painful. This plant, which people call sometimes the Barbary fig, and sometimes the cactus, is not of African origin, for the Spaniards brought it over from America and planted it in Morocco, whence it spread to Algeria and Tunis. It prefers a stony or rocky ground, and will grow in the most barren places. The Arab finds in it food, drink, and also fodder for his cattle and camels. The figs he eats, and drinks the abundant supply of juice found in the fleshy leaves, while the camels chew up what remains.

Mohammed ben Negro lives in Tunis, and he and his hat create no particular sensation in that city of strange garbs, where many more like them are to be seen. He sits by the roadside, wrapped in his white burnous, on a big mat of esparto-grass, flanked on each side by a tea-chest, and provided with apples, oranges, lemons, and tins filled with sugar and spice and all sorts of nice things. Mohammed is a cheery old fellow, with his brown face and close-cut, grizzled beard; but, like all Moors and Arabs, he views photographers with a distinctly suspicious eye and would much prefer not to have his features immortalised. By the laws of the Mohammedan religion, hats are forbidden, but in this case the hat is considered in the light of a sunshade, and the burnous is worn under the hat. Mohammed prefers pitching his mat in various places each day to having an established shop, though shops are cheap enough in Tunis. In the most important thoroughfare of the Arab



"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?"

quarter a butcher's shop can be bought outright for thirty-five francs. Many of the native shops keep open all night, and I have sometimes driven past at two or three in the morning and seen the watchful vendor, sitting cross-legged under his lamp, keeping guard over his wares.

Little Aileen Osgood Moore, *et al.* fourteen, whose Spanish skirt-dancing made her the rage in the last Theatre Royal pantomime, Melbourne, is a native of Reno, Nevada, U.S.A. She is a member of the Maggie Moore Dramatic Company, now playing at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, to



MISS AILEEN OSGOOD MOORE.

Photo by Falk, Melbourne.

which crowd also belongs Mr. H. R. Roberts, one of the cleverest actors and light comedians of the Australian stage. Miss Maggie Moore (Mrs. J. C. Williamson) is an old friend of London playgoers, who will remember her at the Adelphi in Chatterton's time, and at Her Majesty's with George Rignold. She was the original Bettine in "La Mascotte," and the original Lady Jane in "Patience." Her parts in play and pantomime were multifarious. For a long time Miss Moore has been successfully "starring" in her own plays with her own company throughout the colonies. She hopes, after a season in South Africa, to revisit England, bringing her company with her. Doubtless many old friends and new will give her a hearty welcome.

From our Australian cousins I learn that Miss Elliot Page has made quite a "hit" in the land of the Ornithorhynchus platypus and black swan. Her Berenis in "The Sign of the Cross" and her Antoinette de Mauban in "The Prisoner of Zenda" appear to have delighted the public and critics of Sydney and Melbourne, and in these times, when the best of our companies visit the land that beat our cricketers, the Australian public and critics are not satisfied easily. Miss Elliot Page is well remembered here for her work at the St. James's, where she not only showed great natural gifts, but also the drawing-room style, unattainable, alas, by some of our foremost actresses. Moreover, her comic acting in that luckless farce "The Mummy" was decidedly clever. Despite her success across the seas, I learn that she longs for London, and is making arrangements to take us by storm in the autumn.

The discussion with regard to "The Conquerors" has once again raised the question of the utility of the Censor technically known as the Licensor of Plays. This antiquated appointment is the outcome of the celebrated Licensing Act of 1737, which is usually attributed to the ridicule heaped upon the devoted head of Sir Robert Walpole by Fielding in "Pasquin" and the "Historical Register." The Act was, however, the immediate result of a play that, curiously enough, was never acted. "The Golden Rump" was stuffed with abuse of the King and his Ministers, and the manuscript of this piece, by a hand unknown, was sent to Giffard, the Irish actor, who in 1733 had built a new, beautiful, and convenient theatre, by the same architect with that of Covent Garden, in Ayliffe Street, Goodman's Fields. So alarmed was Giffard at the audacity of the play that he took it to Walpole, who, after reading it, brought in a Bill which limited the number of the Metropolitan theatres to two, and established a censorship over the drama. Giffard had £1000 for his loyalty, but lost the legal status of his theatre.

It is generally known that it is illegal to imitate a postage-stamp or a telegraph-form for the purpose of advertisement, but, so far, the question has never been raised as to whether an affidavit with legal seal attached cannot be so employed. A curious case will come before the law

courts shortly; owing to Mr. Lowenfeld having had facsimiles printed of Mr. John Hollingshead's sworn declaration that there are so many "laughs, roars, and smiles" in "La Poupée," which he distributes nightly to the audiences at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Mr. John D. Venn, the Notary Public before whom the affidavit was made, has applied for an injunction against Mr. Lowenfeld, on the ground that such use of the document is illegal.

Yet another Jacobite play of the Bonnie Prince Charlie era has been written by a Boston lady journalist, and its title, "Colonel Anne," refers to Anne Stuart, who, in spite of her husband commanding an English regiment, leads her clansmen

into battle on behalf of Prince Charlie. The all-important title-character will be sustained by Miss Judith Berolde, formerly leading lady with the late Alexander Salvini, and once the Sue Endaly in "Blue Jeans," who is returning to the Transatlantic stage after an absence of some years.

I derive from American sources the statement that Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the Rip Van Winkle of old, is contemplating an elaborate revival of "The Rivals," and is trying to secure Mrs. John Wood for the part of Mrs. Malaprop. Personally, I should be very sorry to lose Mrs. Wood even for a time, and I have been looking forward all the spring to her reappearance as Lady Janet MacIntock in "The White Heather," a rôle which has been successfully taken up by her daughter, Miss Florence Wood (Mrs. Ralph Lumley). It is many years since Mrs. Wood last played in the States, whither she first went with her husband as far back as 1854.

Pretty Miss Phyllis Rankin, who, as the French girl Fifi, has made one of the successes with the New York Casino Theatre Company in "The Belle of New York," at the Shaftesbury, comes of a theatrical stock, her father and mother being Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin (Kitty Blanchard), who appeared in London years ago in a backwoods melodrama, "The Danites." A sister of Miss Phyllis Rankin is wife of Mr. Sidney Drew, now so well known in West-End music-halls, and hence the families of the Drews, the Rankins, and the Barrymores are all related by marriage.

Probably, the oldest school-boy's magazine in the world is the *Hurst Johnian*, which appears this month for the four hundredth time. The organ of the College, Hurstpierpoint, it made its first appearance in May 1858. Mr. Baring-Gould, then a master at the school, contributed an Icelandic tale. The present number reprints several famous contributions.

Next month, it is stated, the Queen has consented to honour the Militia Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, familiarly known as the Royal Berkshire Militia, with new colours. It is interesting to recall that the Militia in its modern form has existed something less than a century and a half, and as it was found that Militiamen drafted into the Regular regiments were usually efficient, it came to be regarded as a nursery for the Army. In 1852 an Act was passed that amended and consolidated the laws and usages relating to the Militia. This Act gave power to the Sovereign to raise the number to 120,000. One of the last speeches of the Iron Duke was made in support of this measure, for he had long been of opinion that any abeyance of the Militia laws would be most impolitic. In 1854 yet another Act was passed, making the Militia more immediately available in times of

need. During the Crimean War the Regular regiments were frequently recruited by drafts from the Militia, and this plan was still more largely adopted in the stirring times of the Indian Mutiny. The colours of the Royal Berkshire Militia, which her Majesty is about to replace, bear a scroll inscribed with the word "Mediterranean," in commemoration of the services of this battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment on the Mediterranean Station during the Crimean War.

A Dublin daily congratulates the Irish nation on the Sirdar's brilliant exploit, and says that it is pleasant to remember that the new laurel is only one of a large number added by Irish hands to the wreath of British fame within the past few months. Lockhart and Blood were the only generals "who plucked glory" in the Frontier War; O'Connor is at St. Petersburg, Hart at Pekin; Wolseley has already made English and Irish history. But the Sirdar has not only proved himself a fighter, he has "made riflemen of mud," and shown the haughty Dervishes how the despised fellaheen can now, under Irish guidance, "stand upon their feet and play the game." Strangely enough, Lord Roberts and Sir George White are omitted from the list. It will be news to most people that General Lockhart is an Irishman.

Colonel E. R. Woodgate, C.B., who was lately in command of the 1st Battalion Royal Lancaster Regiment, left England last week for Sierra Leone to raise and command the 3rd West African Regiment. Colonel Woodgate joined in 1865, but did not attain his Lieut.-Colonelcy till 1893, and was placed on half-pay with the brevet rank of Colonel four years later, so that in his case promotion was indeed slow. This is the more surprising as he had seen much war service, having taken part in the Abyssinian expedition, accompanied Lord Wolseley on special service to the Gold Coast in 1873, afterwards serving throughout the Ashanti War, and being mentioned in despatches. He served also in the Zulu War of 1879, and was again specially mentioned.

There have been many women who have been soldiers, disguising their sex for reasons best known to themselves. Among these have been such as Christian Davies, Phæbe Hessel, and Hannah Snell, but they were all mere masqueraders, posing from reasons of vanity rather than martial ardour. With Joan of Arc it was otherwise, and her memory is deservedly honoured to this day in the land of Orleans. There is in America still living a brave soldier who has fought for her country and yet remains a simple woman, Kady Brownell by name, and her story is a truly remarkable one. It was during the cruel North and South War, in 1861, when, within three days of having married, her husband was called to join his regiment. The young bride refused to part from her husband. She followed him to the front, and, after being twice denied, succeeded in being accorded the rank of "daughter of the regiment." Mrs. Brownell went through the whole of the campaign, taking her turn with the others, becoming a good shot, and suffering in the great cause. To-day both she and her husband, still hale and hearty, are well known and highly respected citizens in New York, where they receive frequent visits from their friends and admirers, and the "daughter of the regiment" boasts that she is still a member of the Grand Army Post No. 5 by right of her being a veteran in the service of the State.

Surgeon-Major S. J. Rennie, of the Army Medical Staff, has been trying a new experiment at Meerut in treating enteric fever, and, if results count for anything, with remarkable success. The treatment is simple, and consists solely of copious doses of pure olive-oil. Out of twenty severe cases treated, not one proved fatal, and this is indeed remarkable when it is considered that the average mortality in such cases is about thirty per cent. This seems a much more rational way of combatting disease than that said to have been adopted in an Indian State as a cure for the plague, where the spots that indicate the presence of the disease are cauterised with a red-hot iron, though, strangely enough, every patient so treated is said to have recovered.

The Army Manœuvres on Salisbury Plain will be on an exceptionally large scale. Two Army Corps are to be mobilised, and, in addition, it is intended to bring together a larger force of cavalry than has perhaps ever been seen in England. It is said that almost every regiment of cavalry at home will be concentrated; but this seems doubtful, as the 3rd Hussars—under orders for India—will not be available, and three regiments, now in Ireland, are to assemble at the Curragh during the summer for drill and instruction. Last year the water supply was barely sufficient for the cavalry brigade then exercised on Salisbury Plain; but since then experimental borings have been made, with the most satisfactory results.

A Theatrical Curiosity.

Facsimile of
Mr. John Hollingshead's Affidavit

In the matter of the Prince of Wales's Theatre

re La Poupée

John Hollingshead of the Equine
Theatricals, London, Manager, make
oath and say as follows—

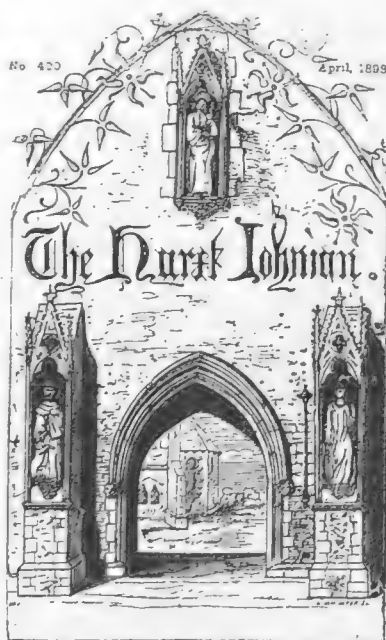
1. I have seen sketches of a managerial
affidavit with that end London Theatre for
the purpose of the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

2. I have attended the numerous performances
of La Poupée at the Prince of Wales's Theatre
which have had and have on each occasion
enabled the number of laughs, roars, and
howls on the part of the audience during
such performances and find the following
to be the average number laughs per sketch.
52 were so.

Sworn at my Office No. 1
of Avenue Road, London, this
24 day of February 1898.
Before me.

John Hollingshead

Notary Public



THIS IS THE COVER OF THE OLDEST
SCHOOL-BOY'S MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



THIS WOMAN FOUGHT FOR
AMERICA IN 1861.



MISS NINA MARTINO SINGING ONE OF HER FRENCH SONGS AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



POINTER ARCH PEDRO. WINNER OF THE DERBY STAKES. POINTING AT GAME.

The Kennel Club field trials at Ipswich were a great success. Here-with I give pictures of the chief competitors.

I should have thought, with past experience to remind us that attempts to correct "the Balance of Nature" are worse than useless, men would be slow to urge further experiments of this kind. It has been proposed to export rooks to South Africa as a specific against locusts, and the proposer is confident that the plan would succeed, as the birds would be compelled, by the hardness of the ground, to renounce worm and grub diet for one of insects—locusts for choice, when plentiful. No doubt the rooks would soon give up the bill-wearing process of delving in sun-baked earth, but would they be satisfied with a locust diet? I venture to think not while there was an egg of any kind to be had for the stealing; both farmers and gamekeepers give the rook the blackest of characters as an egg-thief, and some hold him guilty of killing young chickens. This is one good reason for the Cape colonists to



ALADDIN, KITTY WINDEM, WOOLTON DRUID, MATFEN (IN FINAL OF ALL-AGED STAKES) AND THEIR TRAINERS.



POINTER MATFEN, WINNER OF THE ALL-AGED STAKES, "ON PARTRIDGE."

decline the assistance of the rook; another is that South Africa is well supplied with indigenous birds addicted to a locust diet, and no doubt the colonists have ere now followed the example of their neighbours in Natal, who have found a solution of arsenic doubly killing. The locusts eat the herbage over which the solution has been splashed, and die; then more locusts come and eat the bodies of their poisoned brethren, and die in their turn.

The supply of tigers in India would seem to be running rather short. The *Asian* devotes a leading article in a recent issue to a plea for the lives of tiger-cubs, urging that the practice of slaughtering these is too prevalent and must ere long produce scarcity. It is not generally understood that tigers are by no means an unqualified evil in cultivated country; an old native once told Mr. G. P. Sanderson that he depended on the tiger and panther to keep the destructive pig and deer off his unfenced field: two or three pigs were killed on the clearing, and the porkers, taking the lesson to heart, came there no more. Of course, the Calcutta paper does not plead the cause of cubs from this philanthropic point of view; it discourages the practice of killing them simply because it unduly decreases the number

of tigers worth shooting. Even as an object of sport, the tiger has its economic uses. I know an old Anglo-Indian who says that, in his keen shooting days, he learned more about his district and the people by "going after tiger" than he did in any other way. There are countless secluded corners in India which would never see a white man's face were there no game of great desire to bring it thither.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy's book on "The Salmon" is the latest addition to Longmans' "Fur, Feather, and Fin Series"—note the change of style, portentous of widened scope—and is as instructive as its predecessors, while readable beyond most instructive books, whose habit is something of the drier sort. The author is a warm advocate for increasing the weekly close time on our salmon-rivers, as are all anglers of practical experience. This, he tells us, is the policy of the syndicate which was formed to take all the Tay netting-stations, as mentioned in *The Sketch* some months ago. An entertaining chapter is that on "Some Fishing Records." The largest catch of salmon with the rod ever made in these islands was that of Mr. Naylor and two friends in the Grimmersta, in 1888. In the last six days of August they caught 333 salmon and 71 sea-trout.



OPENING OF THE BOATING SEASON ON THE THAMES,
PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. SHELLEY.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

Dramatis personæ: SIR PAUL WINSOME, BART., M.P., age twenty-one;
STEPHEN FLEURY, Barrister, age thirty-five.

Scene: The Hero Club, Piccadilly.

PAUL. I've gone and done it!

STEPHEN. Done what, old fellow?

PAUL. Made a stupendous ass of myself.

STEPHEN. Very natural for one of your temperament, but it's the fate of all Parliamentary ambition. I suppose you told the plain truth to your constituents?

PAUL. It's not that at all; the fact is——

STEPHEN. You've fogged them, now, you're on your way to greatness. I congratulate you.

PAUL. My dear fellow, don't fling my patriotism in my face; I really can't stand it. (*He lights a cigarette.*) But I've made an ass of myself in quite another direction.

STEPHEN. Yes, there are other ways. I suppose it's a petticoat?

PAUL. My dear boy, your acumen is quite refreshing. The truth is, I've got into an entanglement with——

STEPHEN. With a lovely, penniless girl, and you want me to condole with you. I do so heartily!

PAUL. Yes, that's just about half of it.

STEPHEN. Half of it! I say, Paul, have the debates in the House affected your mind? (*Scrutinises him.*) Yes; now I look at you, you don't seem quite yourself.

PAUL. I don't think I am. You see, it occurred in this way. You've heard me speak of Amy Trevors?

STEPHEN (*his thought*: The girl I'm spoony on; I hope he's not been proposing to her). (*Aloud.*) You may have casually mentioned her.

PAUL. Such a dot of a girl, a little primitive, and shy, you know, with nice almond-shaped eyes. Don't you like almond-shaped eyes?

STEPHEN (*his thought*: What business had he to admire them?). (*Aloud.*) Immensely!

PAUL. Well, you see, it was at a picnic, and I found myself alone with her, and we both admired the same scenery at the same time. Wasn't it odd?

STEPHEN. Not at all; there's no accounting for the effects of scenery on some natures.

PAUL. Well, when I could not admire the scenery any longer—it was getting dark—I admired her, and somehow she grew irresistible in a moment. Can you grasp the idea?

STEPHEN (*somewhat sharply*). Go on. I suppose you proposed to her?

PAUL. Yes, and she accepted me. Isn't it serious?

STEPHEN. Of course, marriage isn't a joke; but you must consider your position, and bear it like a man. (*His thought*: What a fool she was to accept him when she might have had me!)

PAUL. I've not quite explained my position.

STEPHEN. I know all about it; I can imagine details.

PAUL. No, you can't, old chap. About a week after this unexpected affair—I was at a dance—and I waltzed a good many times with such a dear creature—with eyes as blue—well, as blue——

STEPHEN. As the Yellow Book.

PAUL. And I took her in to supper, and the Pommery was excellent, and afterwards, as I danced with her, I seemed to be floating in a vision. Do you follow me?

STEPHEN. Not quite, but I'll try.

PAUL. But the sweetness, and the romance, and all that——

STEPHEN. The Pommery?

PAUL. All seemed to surround me with—with—Paradise, and I forgot all about the other one, and I proposed to Daisy—nice, innocent name Daisy, isn't it?

STEPHEN. Gracious Heavens! You didn't mean it?

PAUL. It's a miserable fact—I did it.

STEPHEN. And what did she say?

PAUL. She said "Yes," like a—*I mean, in the musical accents of a bird.*

STEPHEN. Anything else?

PAUL. I don't remember anything else.

STEPHEN. Well, what's your next step?

PAUL. My next step? That's what I want to know myself.

STEPHEN. But where do I come in? What do you want me to do?

PAUL (*in a distressed voice*). My dear boy, do help me out of this mess. You're not an M.P. Your intellect is lucidly legal. I'm an engaged bigamist. What will my constituents say? How can I face the Speaker with a guilty conscience? Do think of something.

STEPHEN (*lights a cigarette and paces the room*). (*His thought*: I must help the young fool for his sake and my own; Amy must not be his wife.) (*Aloud.*) I have it; I'll see you through it.

PAUL (*shaking STEPHEN's hand affectionately*). Thanks, old chap.

STEPHEN. Sit down and write.

PAUL. Writing letters is a bore.

STEPHEN. Write at my dictation.

PAUL. All right. (*He takes some note-paper and a pen.*)

STEPHEN (*dictating*). "My dear Miss Trevors——"

PAUL. Hang it! That's so formal. Can't I say "Dear," or "Dearest Amy"?

STEPHEN. Don't be a fool! Write as I dictate: "I have some deplorable news to tell you which I hope won't shock you. My dear uncle, who promised to make me his heir, died unexpectedly last week, and, to my astonishment, he left all his wealth to his cousin. I am, therefore, disinherited—penniless. I do not fear penury alone, but I should be a churl to ask you to share my privations and discomforts. You deserve a happier fate than this. Let me hope that a worthier man than I am will be able to make you happy."

PAUL. I say, old chap, isn't this somewhat too strong?

STEPHEN. Not at all. Now write in a similar strain to the other one.

PAUL. But isn't all this a bit caddish?

STEPHEN. Men who get themselves in a terrible fix mustn't stick at trifles to get out of it. Those girls doubtless are partial to your appearance and position, and also to your presumed wealth. There's a good deal of self-interest in human nature. Poverty is not poetical. Your notes will disillusionise these girls, who will thank you and free you. (*His thought*: And I shall be able to marry Amy, after all.) The day after to-morrow I will see you here and hear the result. *Au revoir.*

[Exit STEPHEN.]

The Same Scene. Two Days Later.

PAUL leaning in an arm-chair looking up to the ceiling with a note in each hand. Enter STEPHEN.

STEPHEN. Well, old man, what's the news?

PAUL. A note from each of them.

STEPHEN. Just as I expected. (*His thought*: He's been dismissed.)

PAUL. They're positively angels, these girls.

STEPHEN. To give you up?

PAUL. To give me up? Why, they write, in the most endearing fashion, that my poverty will only strengthen their *everlasting*—for one said *everlasting* and the other *eternal*—devotion for me, and that poverty with me is certain to prove a blessing in disguise. It's very distressing, but very beautiful.

STEPHEN. Most extraordinary! Weak intellects. But what will you do now?

PAUL. Do? Resign my seat in Parliament—go to Uganda, study black arts, and teach the niggers European morals.—ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

"DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO."

If we could read aright the world's true history, how large a share in the most picturesque aspect of its mighty dramas would the Jews be found to have appropriated. Back in the early centuries of the Diaspora, slowly following the intricate path of events until it comes out of the mists of tradition and is illumined by modern research, everywhere we find the Jew, down-trodden, persecuted, but persistent, following his own destiny, living by his faith and the hopes that it has brought him. Emperors, Kings, and Popes vent all their wrath upon him; street massacres, Church canons, restrictive edicts—aye, even the Inquisition itself—have had their time of power and passed away without accomplishing their purpose. When restrictions were withdrawn, in the time when the Moors held Spain, the Hebrew race gave professors to the Colleges, physicians to Palaces, statesmen to Courts, and an increased civilisation to the world. When the vile Torquemada had risen in Spain, when the race driven from its Spanish home languished in alien Ghettos, and ultimately found freedom and hospitality in Holland, the new life began to cross the old, and of the change there were born mighty leaders of thought. Some remained faithful to the traditions of the Ghetto, sang their songs or delivered their treatises in the language of their fathers, added commentaries to the Talmud, helped to lighten suffering, and, having performed their appointed task, passed peacefully away, living only in the hearts of succeeding generations of scholars. But there were others whose fiery spirit could not wait to understand the justification of the restraints imposed by tradition. With souls fired by the noblest purpose, they broke away from their faith, and shed upon the world the light that came to them in the very Ghetto they despised.

They were Dreamers of the Ghetto, and Israel Zangwill himself, a modern of the band, has, in his latest book (*Heinemann*), given us with masterly touch a vivid picture of their environment. In his pages, Lassalle, Heine, Spinoza, Solomon Maimon, Uriel Acosta, live again; their hopes and aspirations reveal at once great strength and greater futility. There are others, too, whose interest is almost exclusively Jewish—Israel Baal Shem, the Master of the Name, whose followers, the Chassidim, live in Jerusalem to this day, although they have long forgotten the lesson their Master taught, and Sabbatai Zevi, the False Messiah. And with them come obscure dreamers who have lived and died in the modern Ghetto of London, living lives as beautiful as their surroundings were ugly. One and all form central figures in soul-stirring pictures portrayed by a man with the double gifts of the poet and the philosopher—they make a wonderful portrait-gallery.

S. L. B.

GARETH fights for the Lady LYNETTE.



And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his brand
 He drave his enemy backward down the bridge,
 The damsel crying, "Well-stricken, kitchen-knave!"

Jennyson.

A PAST RESORT OF KINGS AND QUEENS.

The demolition of historic landmarks is one of the most pronounced symptoms of an utilitarian age. The iconoclasm of the departing century is regrettable but insistent, and it is no easy matter to stem the passage of the builder's men. It is, however, pleasant to be able to contradict the rumoured desecration of a historic mansion, and I gladly publish the statement, made by those most concerned, that Chiswick House is not doomed, nor are its famous grounds about to be desecrated.

There are few suburban residences which have enjoyed a more brilliant past than Chiswick House. The present mansion replaces that which stood on its site for a couple of centuries, and was erected in 1789 by the last Earl of Burlington, from an Italian design. It is an imposing building, standing in an extensive garden famed for its beauty and seclusion. The entrance is said to have been designed by Inigo Jones, as was also an elaborate archway in the grounds, once the property of Sir Hans Sloane, who presented it to Lord Burlington. The property passed from the ownership of Lord Burlington to that of the second Duke of Devonshire by marriage, and it was for a series of years a favourite residence of its possessor, who gave garden-parties which

A FROZEN FLOCK.

One hundred and fifty thousand sheep ought to be heard a few hundred yards off, especially if many among them are lambs in the first throes of orphanhood. And yet when you stand on Blackfriars Bridge you are wholly oblivious of the near proximity of such a huge flock. It is there, nevertheless. On the South side of the Thames, directly opposite the Temple Gardens, is Nelson's Wharf, and there, any day and every day, is herded a flock of some hundred and fifty thousand sheep. But, within or without, never a bleat is heard.

No wonder. All these thousands of sheep uttered their last "baa" on the shores of New Zealand, thirteen thousand miles away. They are silent because they are frozen. For this Nelson's Wharf is the great sheep-pen towards which the farmers of New Zealand and Australia drive their flocks; only, for shepherd and dog, modern methods have substituted a ship and a refrigerator. Yet the sheep get there all the same, and your mutton-chop or cutlet, or leg or loin, loses none of its nutritious and savoury qualities by having partaken of the hardness of a brick and the coldness of the North Pole for a month or two.

Let it be supposed that a New Zealand liner has just reached the



CHISWICK HOUSE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAS, LUDGATE HILL.

became famous both on account of the charming surroundings and the celebrities by whom they were attended, and the example set by the second Duke was followed by more than one of his successors. In 1814, Alexander I., Czar of Russia, and the allied Sovereigns attended one of these. In 1842, the Queen and the Prince Consort honoured Chiswick House by their presence, and subsequently the Czar Nicholas, the King of Saxony, and other royalties were entertained at Chiswick. The mansion was also taken for a time by the Prince of Wales, who sent his children for a long stay. There is probably no suburban mansion which has received so many royal visitors.

In the days of its vogue, Chiswick House grounds were known as the "English Versailles." In 1813 the gardens were greatly enlarged by the acquisition of an adjoining mansion, and the then Duke spent large sums on laying out and ornamenting the shady walks. The hedges were of yew and closely clipped, and the many alleys ended in rustic temples, or summer-houses, while a number of statues, and three colossal marble figures brought over from Italy, were placed in various points of vantage. Many of these have disappeared, but the views in the gardens are yet very beautiful, owing to the fine trees, and the glimpses of the river seen from the lawns. Lord Hervey, who loved to say smart things, when asked his opinion of Chiswick House, replied that it was "too small to live in, and too big to hang on one's watch-chain"; but, despite this somewhat cheap sneer, the mansion is a worthy survival of a period when architecture was a fine art and the jerry-builder was unknown.

Royal Albert Docks with a cargo of frozen sheep; the next stage is to transfer that cargo in perfect condition—no matter how sultry the weather—to the wharf some miles up the Thames. Here the much-maligned barge of the Metropolitan river asserts its usefulness, though in this case an insulated variety is necessary. When the barges arrive at their destination, there is no difficulty in unloading them, no matter what the state of the tide may be. Sometimes the lighters are floated inside the wharf, sometimes they are moored outside, close to the river-front of the building; but in either position they come directly underneath endless-chain elevators, which carry at regular intervals iron arms for receiving the stiffened carcasses. In this way twelve thousand sheep can be transported from the barges to the interior of the building in a day.

But why should all the sheep be carried to the summit of the wharf? We will go up and see. Here we are, then, on the top floor of the building, standing close by where the iron arms of the elevators roll their passive burdens on to a long table. Two or three men stand on each side, and between them they pass the sheep down to the end of the table, and there they are seized by other workmen, who load up large trolleys with them and wheel them away. We follow them, and soon reach a lift, on to the platform of which the trolley is wheeled, and then we see the huddled carcasses disappear downwards. Surely the mystery deepens. Why take all the trouble of elevating each frozen sheep to the top floor only to send it down again? Because the cold chambers in which the sheep are stored can be entered only from the

top. There are five floors of these cold chambers; they have no windows, the only light is from the electric-lamps, and the only door is in the roof. The simple reason for this seemingly strange construction is unfolded in the scientific fact that warm air rises and cold air sinks. Frozen sheep want all the cold air they can get; warm air applied for any length of time would be fatal to their usefulness as mutton.

And cold air they get! We will test it for ourselves. The way down is through this hatch-way, which is carefully closed behind us as we descend. When we reach the bottom of the ladder, we almost catch our breath. What a change! Up above there the mercury stood at eighty degrees; here it has gone down fourteen degrees below freezing-point. Overhead there is a long vista of iron pipes, each thickly encrusted with snow; under our feet we feel the slippery sensation of ice. On each side of the long vista we see innumerable bags, each stacked full of silent sheep. From the sun-bathed meadows of far-off New Zealand they have reached this arctic region!

Day and night, summer and winter, the temperature of these cold chambers varies but two or three degrees, and there are only two or three degrees of difference between the top and bottom floors. This constancy of cold is secured by a simple but wholly efficient refrigerating plant. In another part of the building are fitted two De La Verne ammonia-compression machines, by means of which ammonia is first compressed and then driven in an expanded state through the thousands of feet of iron pipes which ramify the cold chambers. One or other of these machines is kept constantly at work for about sixteen hours each day in winter and about eighteen hours per day in summer. In the chambers on the upper floors the pipes sparkle and glisten with thick hoar-frost, but, as this coating interferes seriously with the freezing mission of the expanded ammonia inside, two men are constantly employed in scraping it off. These men, clad in their semi-arctic dress, occupy a corner of the photograph of the cold chamber.

The sorting-room is an important place. Among so many thousands of sheep it may happen now and then that a defective carcass escapes detection up to the last moment; but Nemesis falls here. Each sheep is

stripped of its cotton covering, and thoroughly examined, thus ensuring that nothing but wholesome meat leaves Nelson's Wharf for the market.

But there is something else to be seen in that sorting-room besides frozen sheep. The visitor who cultivates the art of observation cannot

fail to notice on a wide shelf in the right-hand corner a row of what appear to be blocks of ice. Appearances in this case are not deceptive. They are blocks of ice, but not solid blocks of ice. Inside the first we see a well-finished model of a sailing-ship, held fast in the grip of a frozen sea; the second enshrines a lamb, knee-deep in luscious grass; the third contains a bouquet of chrysanthemums, looking as fresh as though plucked but an hour ago; the fourth encloses a handful of Christmas decorations, holly and mistletoe, and the like. If we call the head foreman, Mr. George Creed, to our side, he will explain what this all means. He will tell us how Sir Montague Nelson, pained by the apathy of a public who see no æsthetic reward in gazing at frozen mutton, conceived the idea of arresting their attention by frozen flowers; he will narrate how the tanks in which the freezing is carried out have to be specially constructed for the purpose, strong enough to bear the strain, and smooth enough inside to prevent the ice being defaced with scratches; he will explain how the object to be treated is immersed downwards in water, how it is frozen for forty-eight hours to form the outer shell, how the water inside is then drawn off, how the aperture thus made is frozen up again, and the block, with its contents, finally turned out of the mould in the condition shown in the photograph. The fame of the frozen flowers has reached royalty, and Mr. Creed has had

the honour of preparing for Princess Christian a table-decoration somewhat similar to that of the frozen chrysanthemums mentioned above. And the lamb, too, has had greatness thrust upon it, the greatness of the artificial being taken for the natural. "Have its insides been removed?" asked a visitor once. "Yes," gravely rejoined Mr. Creed, "and eaten, too." For the lamb is of the toy variety, and its "insides" were—sweets. All the same, it is, as the butcher in "Silas Marner" was so fond of asseverating, a "lovely carkiss."



CARCASSES BEING RAISED.



The Pipe-Scrapers.

THE COLD CHAMBER WHERE THE CARCASSES ARE PRESERVED.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

AUSTRALIAN ART AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

To those who both know Australia and understand art there are two salient features in the exhibition at the Grafton Gallery. In the first



A WINTER EVENING.—F. McCUBBIN.

place, the most striking pictures are typical of the country and of the men who painted them; in the second, they do not follow the lead of any other "school" than their own, albeit the diligent searcher in these matters might possibly trace, here and there, some fancied resemblance to a supposititious teacher. An inserted slip in the catalogue proudly, and very properly, proclaims that "all the pictures exhibited were painted in Australia by Australian artists." Certainly some of them, such as a few of the portraits and a fancy picture or two, might have been painted in any country; but the exhibition, as a whole, is distinctly Australian. The pictures represent very faithfully the country of their origin, and they stamp the individuality of the artists. The most successful painter of them all, Mr. Arthur Streeton—who, by the way, is quite a young man—was never out of his native land until a few months ago, and he never had a teacher. So it is with the majority of the others. Artists who have studied in Paris have, it is true, gone out to Australia, but the propaganda of the old school has had

only an elementary effect. How should it be otherwise in a young country, where the vast difference of surroundings and climate tend to bring out character and originality, where there is no reason or excuse for the mere copyist? In the future more than at present the art of Australia will be seen to be a thing of its own, and a very worthy one into the bargain. Even now the Australian artist is distinctive, and creditably so. He differs from his cousin in America in this—the American, probably by reason of the comparative nearness of the European Continent, is largely a copyist. He reflects any school rather than seeking for his model in the scenes of his own land. I speak, be it understood, of the painter who lives in his own country, not of those who have made Paris and England their homes. I am as familiar with the studios of New York as I am with those of Sydney and Melbourne, and, while admitting the excellence of the technique in the former, the artists of the latter cities certainly have the palm for originality.

The reason for this is obvious. For instance, one of the most delightful landscape painters in America is Mr. W. H. Ranger, who, however, invariably spends a considerable portion of his time in Canada, where he makes his studies and paints most of his beautiful pictures. Yet, within a few miles of his New York studio is the Shrewsbury River, some parts of which are just as exquisite as the upper reaches of the Thames. But the fierce heat of the American summer makes a residence in New Jersey, during that time, not altogether as desirable for those unaccustomed to heat as is the cooler clime of Canada. On the other hand, the Australian artist is inured to heat and other hardships, so that he goes straight to nature in his own country—which is too far removed, fortunately for his art, from other lands to make travel within his means—hence the success of the present exhibition. There may be some deficiencies in



SUNSET.—F. S. G. TUCKER.



A NORTHERN LAGOON.—A. PIGUENIT.

technique in an occasional picture, but these are amply atoned for by the striking originality, no less than by the thought and feeling, which characterise the exhibition as a whole. And it speaks well for the handling of the various works that, when we get a typical Australian scene, like Mr. Streeton's brilliant and justly praised glimpse of the Hawkesbury River, "Purple Noon's Transparent Light," a realistic and in every sense an exquisite and clever work of art, the colours, even to eyes unused to the atmospheric effects of Australia, do not glare. So that the exhibition gives us faithfulness to nature—only idealised enough for the purpose—great originality, and a sufficient amount of technical skill. In itself it is not only a remarkable and extremely interesting accomplishment, but it establishes the fact, moreover, that Australian art has a future of high attainment in store.

Mr. Streeton is easily the first in this array of artists from the Antipodes, as witness not only his best picture, already alluded to, but his bright and typical "Golden Summer," his

reposeful view of the Mittagong Valley, and his large "Still glides the stream and shall for ever glide," not to mention his other works. In a certain sense, Mr. Streeton has already "arrived," but it is reasonable to expect even better work from him in the future than that here seen. Praise should also be given to the bold, original, and typical work of

Mr. Tom Roberts; to the many clever portraits and characteristic scenes depicted by Mr. Julian R. Ashton, who has done such valuable work in the spreading of art in Australia; to the studies of racing by Mr. A. Henry Fullwood; to the thoughtful work of Mr. William Lister-Lister; and to Mr. Frank P. Mahony, whose clever pictures appeal especially to lovers of the horse in action; not to mention the names of many of the other artists who have contributed to the success of the exhibition. It is interesting to note that the nude is represented by only one or two very crude examples. In fact, the Australian artists have found the best example, and their best results, in the scenery of their own land and streams, and in studies of the characteristics of their surroundings. They owe a debt of gratitude to the trustees of the National Art Gallery of New South Wales, who have promoted the exhibition, and who contribute no less than 61 out of the 371 examples, and to the generosity of a Sydney lady, Miss Eadith Walker, who has materially helped matters from the financial point of view. I may note, in conclusion, that the lagoon

and quite a genuine article, his appearance on the variety stage being due to his recognition that the duty is light and the reward great. Some balls of soft modelling-clay and a board are his sole stock-in-trade. Having explained his mission to the audience, he proceeds to pelt the board with the balls until he has enough clay ready, and then with a



MY COUSIN.—E. P. FOX.

pictured by Mr. Piguenit shows the blue lilies that float on New South Wales waters. This picture was awarded a special Gold Medal at the Queensland Exhibition last year.

Art in the 'alls—that is the most recent innovation at the Empire, where the "lightning sculptor" is appearing. He is an American importation,



THE COOK'S GALLEY.—GORDON COUTTS.

very few turns he persuades a likeness to develop from the amorphous mass. He gives his audience Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, and the redoubtable Li Hung Chang, and adds to this list one or two other people name unknown. The most interesting part of the performance is the rapid change of physiognomy effected by little more than a single movement of the hands over the plastic clay.



LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.—MISS E. E. CUSACK.



A NATIVE.—MISS A. HAMBIDGE.

THE RETURN OF KATE TERRY TO THE STAGE.

WITH A TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF HER FAMILY.

"*On y revient toujours*—" The quotation is hackneyed, but inevitable. The affirmation contained in the word *toujours* is a strong one, but its strength has usually been justified of the reappearances of player kings and queens who have abdicated. In one instance, however, it has had to wait thirty years for its fulfilment. When, in the autumn of 1867, Miss Kate Terry, still a girl of but twenty-three summers, amid scenes of the greatest enthusiasm, bade farewell to the stage on which she had borne herself so supremely, there were probably few playgoers in whose hearts the wish was not father to the thought "*On y revient toujours*." But the years went by, and the gifted artist who had so early laid aside her art remained known to society only as the gracious hostess of one of the most charming houses in London, and to the great world of playgoers solely as a picturesque figure among regular first-nighters. But *toujours* was it said, and the playgoing world learned recently with surprise and delight that Miss Kate Terry would make her return to the stage in Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's new play, "*The Master*," to be produced by Mr. John Hare on Saturday last. This interesting re-appearance of the actress, whom playgoers of a certain age declare to have been even a finer artist than her since famous sister, Miss Ellen Terry, draws one's attention afresh to the fact that two generations of the theatrical house of Terry are represented on the English stage to-day, and that from no less than three branches of the family tree.

Miss Kate Terry is the eldest of the "harmonious sisters," to borrow the Miltonic phrase, whose common heritage of a peculiar and indefinable charm, coupled with a fine artistic sensibility, has given them an enduring place in the history of our stage. Born at Falmouth of theatrical parentage, she made her first appearance on the stage at the tender age of three, singing in a country theatre, with unconscious irony, that "ancient lady's" song—

I'm n'nety-five, I'm ninety-five,
And to keep single I'll contrive.

After gaining further experience as a child-actress in the provinces with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Terry, little Miss Terry made her London debut in 1851 as Robin, page to Sir John Falstaff, in Charles Kean's revival of "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," at the Princess's Theatre. In the following year she played Prince Arthur to Kean's King John, and at a special command performance before the Queen at Windsor Castle to the Hubert of Phelps. Lord Macaulay, who was one of the audience at Windsor, spoke glowing words of praise to the clever child after the performance, and in the great historian's "*Life and*

Letters" he who runs may read—"The little girl who acted Arthur did wonders"; and again, "It is almost worth while to have passed middle-age in order to have seen Miss Kate Terry as Arthur." To the latter clause many playgoers with long memories would doubtless subscribe, putting Juliet or Ophelia in place of the little prince. Somewhat later, Miss Terry brought the youth and grace of her thirteen years, coupled with an intelligence of far older seeming, to the difficult part of Ariel in Charles Kean's famous revival of "*The Tempest*," and made the chief

individual success of the production; and a year later, when but fourteen, the young actress played Cordelia to Kean's *King Lear*, "in very simple and beautiful style," according to no less an authority than the *Athenæum*. The rôle of Cordelia was followed by that of the Boyattendant on Pistol and his rascally crew in "*Henry V.*," Kean's last revival, and then the sisters Kate and Ellen Terry for some time toured the provinces with their parents.

In 1862 Miss Kate Terry joined the company of the St. James's Theatre, then under Alfred Wigan's management, and here played a leading part at the age of eighteen, being compelled in consequence of Miss Herbert's sudden indisposition to impersonate Mrs. Union in "*Friends or Foes*" at a few moments' notice. From the St. James's the young actress went back to the provinces, and was presently to be seen at Bristol playing Juliet, Ophelia, Beatrice, Pauline Deschappelles, and other parts, under the management of Mr. Arthur Stirling. Her younger sister Ellen was also a member of the company, and Bristol playgoers to this day will tell you with pride how they had the pleasure of seeing the two sisters play together in a number of productions, more notably in "*Much Ado about Nothing*," in which Miss Ellen Terry played Hero to the Beatrice of her

elder sister, and "*The Hunchback*," in which Ellen Terry played Helen to Kate's Julia. The two sisters also appeared together in Plancho's burlesques, "*Endymion*" and "*Perseus and Andromeda*."

But in 1863 Miss Kate Terry returned to town to become Fechter's leading lady at the Lyceum. Her *Blanche de Nevers* in "*The Duke's Motto*" is considered by many of her admirers as her most admirable assumption. She played Ophelia to Fechter's most interesting and romantic Hamlet, and then went to the Olympic, where she was seen in various parts, the most important being the dual rôles of Viola and Sebastian in "*Twelfth Night*." In 1866 she was at the Adelphi creating the heroine's part in "*A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*," in "*A Sister's Penance*" (Tom Taylor and Dubourg), and in the following year—her last year on the stage—that of "*Dora*," adapted by Charles Reade



MRS. LEWIS (MISS KATE TERRY) AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

from Tennyson's poem. On Aug. 31, 1867 (well do I remember the occasion, and the hours I waited outside the pit-doors), Kate Terry took her farewell of the London public in the character of Juliet amid a scene of enthusiasm such as I have rarely witnessed. This event is usually regarded as Kate Terry's farewell to the stage. This, however, is not the case; her last performance was at Manchester, where, at the Princess's Theatre, on Oct. 5, 1867, she spoke her final stage speech as Marie de Fontanges in "Plot and Passion." Thirteen days later she was married to Mr. Arthur Lewis. Although she was but twenty-three years old at the time of her retirement, she was generally considered the finest emotional actress of her day on the English stage, and in Shaksperian parts her true poetic sense had secured her a reputation second only to that of Helen Faucit, and second merely because she had not had the opportunity of impersonating nearly as many of Shakspeare's heroines.

Fortunately for the playgoing public and for the future of the poetic drama upon the English stage, the Terry charm and unerring artist instinct were not lost to the boards with the early retirement of their first exponent. Miss Ellen Terry, as we have seen, was almost, though not quite, ready to replace the brilliant elder sister to whom she had hitherto played "seconds." Unlike the poet Homer, Miss Ellen Terry has found recognition in her native town while still in the heyday of life, for Coventry is proud to proclaim that she was born within its gates during a professional sojourn of her player-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Terry, among its citizens. It is an oft-told tale, but one that can vex no one's ear, that the actress who was destined to rise to the queenship of the stage made her first appearance on the boards at eight years old, as the child Mamillius in Charles Kean's revival of "The Winter's Tale" at the Princess's Theatre, April 28, 1856. It is easy to prophesy after the event, and equally easy to recognise a prophecy when it has been fulfilled, but it pleases the fancy in these latter days to discern a happy augury in the very lines addressed to the child-actress in the poet's words on this occasion. "Go, play, Mamillius," says Leontes to his youthful son in the first act, when his attention is called away from the child; and the advice could scarcely have been more appropriate. The eight-year-old representative of Mamillius took the advice so thoroughly to heart that the *Times* of the next day declared that she played "with a vivacious precocity that proved her a worthy relation of her sister." Charles Kean's next Shaksperian revival was "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Miss Ellen Terry was cast for Puck, a part which, according to another authority,

being over, she toured the provinces, as already mentioned, with her sister, the two young actresses giving a drawing-room entertainment in a number of important towns. A brief season at the Royalty followed, and then came the Bristol period, already described.

Her reappearance on the London stage was made at the Haymarket Theatre, in "The Little Treasure." In this adaptation from the French Miss Terry played the *ingénue* to the Captain Maydenblush of Mr. E. A.

Sothorn. This was practically her début as a representative of grown-up characters, and her success, even at that early stage of her career, is sufficiently attested by the fact that thenceforth she was engaged for none but leading rôles. Miss Terry's great reputation as a poetic actress dates from the Bancroft revival of "The Merchant of Venice," in which she played Portia for the first time. The production was not a success, but the record of it is writ large in theatrical history for the revelation which it brought of a new actress, capable of the very highest achievements in her art. Her performance of other rôles under the Bancroft management considerably enhanced her reputation, but, for the purposes of this brief retrospect, they have not the same important bearing on the actress's future. The spring of 1878 brought the production of "Olivia," in which Miss Terry scored a triumph, since repeated at intervals

in both the Old World and the New, and upon the last day but one of that year Ellen Terry established herself as the poetic actress of her age by her matchless rendering of "the fair Ophelia."

Since that memorable date she has been constantly associated with Sir Henry Irving's management, and has identified herself for all time with no less than eleven Shaksperian characters. Her very name conjures up a splendid pomp of noble women, limned with such exquisite art as either burdens the eyes with unshed tears or stirs the heart to laughter for the sheer joy of life. Infinitely pathetic as many of her impersonations in the realm of tragedy have been—one can never forget the haunting beauty of her Ophelia or the wounded majesty of her Queen Katharine—it is probably as a comedienne in the grand style that Miss Terry lives in the imagination of most of us. The gracious wisdom of Portia, the brilliant wit of Beatrice, have been realised by her with an essential gaiety which seems to belong to a more spacious age than ours, and to a world unracked by strange questionings.

The value of personality on the stage is aptly illustrated by the career of Miss Marion Terry, the third of the gifted children of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Terry. Closely resembling her two elder sisters in natural characteristics, endowed with the same melody of voice, the same



MISS KATE TERRY AS JULIET.



MISS KATE TERRY IN SOME OF HER CHARACTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADOLPHE BEAU.

she played "with restless, elfish animation, and an evident enjoyment of her own mischievous pranks." Then came the point in her career at which she proved herself still more definitely to be a worthy follower in the steps of her sister, by her beautiful performance as the little Prince Arthur, the part in which Miss Kate Terry had previously attracted so much attention. Her engagement at the Princess's

charmingly tip-tilted profile, with its suggestion of rare comedy powers, the same gracious womanly personality, the same faculty of emotional appeal, the art of Marion Terry has yet an indescribable something of its own which sets it apart even from that which it most closely resembles. A certain intellectual subtlety, an extremity of spiritual fastidiousness, gives individuality and distinction to all her work. Largely from

MISS ELLEN TERRY'S FAMILY.



ROSEMARY, THE DAUGHTER OF MR. GORDON CRAIG.
Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



ROBIN, THE SON OF MR. GORDON CRAIG.
Photo by Martyn, Southcote.



MR. GORDON CRAIG, THE SON OF MISS ELLEN TERRY.
Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



MISS EDITH CRAIG, THE DAUGHTER OF MISS ELLEN TERRY.
Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

circumstance, but partly also from temperament, one cannot but think she is more of a modern than her sister Ellen. That she has of late years been chiefly associated with modern plays may be partly responsible for this impression, but one has only to see her play a fine emotional part—as she alone upon the latter-day stage can play it—to realise that, in place of the large simplicity and almost childlike quality of her sister's pathos, she suggests a mental complexity by which she realises more poignantly, perhaps, than any other actress of our time, "the sense of tears in mortal things." And praise can hardly go further.

of "Pygmalion and Galatea" she won from no less a critic of æsthetic beauty than Mr. Ruskin the tribute that her acting was "a serenity of effortless grace." The perfect conviction of her Zeolide in "The Palace of Truth," and her Belinda in "Engaged," gave to Mr. Gilbert's characters a subtlety which has never quite been realised by her successors in the parts. In the course of the original run of "Olivia," at the Court Theatre, Miss Marion Terry replaced her sister Ellen in the title-rôle for a period, and then she returned to the Olympic to play Louise in a revival of "The Two Orphans." From that point onwards



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

Miss Marion Terry made her first appearance on the stage at Manchester as Ophelia, when she was not yet eighteen years of age. Her London début followed soon afterwards in a revival of "A Game of Romps," at the Olympic, where she subsequently played Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing." Then she went to the Strand Theatre to play in several of H. J. Byron's pieces. On the production of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Dan'l Druce," at the Haymarket, in 1876, the grace and delicacy of her performance of the rôle of Dorothy counted for much in the favourable reception accorded to the play, and, as a natural result, she was subsequently seen in other works by Mr. Gilbert. As the statue-heroine

her career has been a busy one. Among the many parts to which she has added something of the charm of her own gracious personality may be mentioned Blanche Haye in "Ours," Bella in "School," Clara Douglas in "Money," Bathsheba Everdene in the provincial production of "Far from the Madding Crowd," the dramatised version of Mr. Hardy's famous novel; Loyse in "The Ballad-Monger," Mrs. Errol in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and the series of characters, too fresh in the memory of playgoers to need individual mention, which she sustained at the St. James's. Of this last group, her Mrs. Erlynne in "Lady Windermere's Fan" stands forth as one of the finest pieces of acting

that the English stage has produced. Her performance in Mr. H. A. Jones's unlucky "Michael and his Lost Angel" was a hardly less notable piece of work.

The fourth daughter of the house, Miss Florence Terry, retired from the stage after her marriage with Mr. W. Morris, before she had had experience enough to develop to the full the talents that she obviously possessed. She died two years ago. Mr. Charles Terry, the elder of the two brothers of this gifted sisterhood, has devoted his energies chiefly to theatrical management. Mr. Fred Terry, the youngest of the family, has already attained a distinguished position as an actor, and his very picturesque performance as Don Pedro in "Much Ado" but recently proved him to have made a great stride forward in his art since he freed himself from the tyranny of the drab young man he has too often been condemned to represent in plays of modern life.

Mr. Terry made his début at the Crystal Palace in "New Men and Old Acres," playing Bertie Fitzurse to the Lilian Vavasour of Miss Ellen Terry. The close resemblance of his profile to that of his sister later on obtained for him the part of Viola's brother Sebastian when "Twelfth Night" was revived at the Lyceum. His best work was done with Mr. Tree at the Haymarket, where he played with gradually increasing strength and variety the juvenile parts in "The Pompadour," "The Village Priest," "The Dancing Girl," "Hypatia," "The Tempter," and other plays. His young monk in the version of Kingsley's novel was a particularly forcible and picturesque piece of acting. While at the Haymarket he became the husband of the beautiful Miss Julia Neilson, with whom he had acted in several productions.

And now the younger generation is knocking at the door, although it is strange to think that there *can* be a generation younger than perennial youth. A daughter of Miss Kate Terry, Miss Mabel Terry Lewis,



MISS MARION TERRY.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

makes a very interesting reappearance in the same company as her mother after too long a withdrawal from the art in which she made her début in "A Pair of Spectacles," three years ago. Under the stage names of Gordon and Ailsa Craig, Miss Ellen Terry's son and daughter have played a number of minor rôles in the Lyceum repertoire with a distinction not always given to small characters, and Mr. Gordon Craig has lately proved himself a black-and-white artist of great originality by his share in that curious little publication, the *Page*, recently mentioned in these columns. Miss Minnie Terry, the daughter of Mr. Charles Terry, at an early age proved herself a niece worthy of her famous aunts. She made her début at the Standard Theatre in "Frou-Frou," with Miss Fortescue, at the tender age of three, and subsequently developed into the most natural of stage-children, playing with delightful spontaneity and ease in "Partners," "A White Lie," "A Man's Shadow," "Editha's Burglar," and other important productions. She is now a schoolgirl of sixteen, completing her education in France. Then there are the small son and daughter of Mr. Fred Terry, who, according to their latest portraits, are nothing if not stage-struck, and Miss Ellen Terry's grandchildren, the son and daughter of Mr. Gordon Craig—but here the extreme youthfulness of the whole family becomes so puzzling that I

must fall back upon a genealogical table of its theatrical members only, and so conclude this hasty survey of the house of Terry.

MR. and MRS. BENJAMIN TERRY.

Kate Terry (Mrs. Lewis).	Ellen Terry (Mrs. Wardell).	Marion Terry.	Florence Terry (Mrs. Morris).	Charles Terry.	Fred Terry.
Mabel Terry Lewis.	Gordon Craig.	Edith Craig.		Minnie Terry.	



MISS MINNIE AND HER SISTER, THE DAUGHTERS OF MR. CHARLES TERRY.
Photo by Downey, Elbury Street, S.W.



MISS MABEL TERRY LEWIS.
Photo by Resta, Regent Street, W.



DENNIS, THE SON OF MR. FRED TERRY.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



PHYLLIS, THE DAUGHTER OF MR. FRED TERRY.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. CHARLES TERRY.
Photo by Hawkins, Brighton



MR. FRED TERRY.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

THE CUCKOO AND THE SPRING.

A past-master in the art of self-advertisement, this bird has so identified itself with the return of spring that we disregard the glaring blemishes of its private character in consideration of the purely sentimental association of its call with the breaking buds. Personally, I never hear the cuckoo without an imaginary chorus of sighs from the surrounding hedges: "There she is again! Whose turn this time?"—the voice of wrens and robins who ere long should be weeping for their children, but will not: nay, on the other hand, will be proud of the lusty little monster who monopolises the nest, and whose beak is ever gaping.

The cuckoo, so far as is presently known, distributes her patronage among 110 species of birds throughout Europe. The collection of nests containing cuckoos' eggs brought together in 1896 by the British Ornithologists Union consisted of some nine hundred examples representing



THE CUCKOO.

seventy-six species; and, if this collection showed correct proportions, we find that the reed-warbler is the bird most usually imposed upon; the hedge-sparrow, robin, garden-warbler, and meadow-pipit coming next in the order named. The missel-thrush is the largest bird whose nest the cuckoo has been known to patronise, and the wren the smallest. A cuckoo's egg has been found in the nest of the tiny gold-crest, but the cuckoo who put it there must either have been insane or was guilty of a heartless practical joke. As a rule, she selects a foster-parent about the size of the robin or wagtail.

It is rare that more than one cuckoo's egg is found in the same nest; two eggs occasionally occur, but proof is wanting that they have been put there by the same cuckoo; and, as ornithological economy demands that a young cuckoo shall enjoy the exclusive attention of its foster-parents, when two cuckoo-eggs are hatched in the same nest the weaker is inevitably thrown out to die with its foster-brothers. The disparity between the size of the cuckoo and that of any of her usual dupes arrests the eye at once, and you would wonder how so small a bird as the robin could hatch the egg of a bird so much larger. Nature has provided for this: the cuckoo lays a smaller egg in proportion to her size than any bird known, to the end, we can hardly doubt, that it may come within the hatching compass of the small foster-parent. By way of compensation, the young cuckoo grows wonderfully fast, and long before he leaves the nest is bigger than his foster-mother, who, with her mate, has her work cut out to satisfy his colossal appetite.

For long it was a mystery how the cuckoo succeeded in putting her egg into such a nest as the tiny domed dwelling of the wren. She has been seen in the act of lifting it in her bill from the ground, where she laid it, and putting it into the nest. There is another question which is not settled yet. Does the cuckoo choose the nest first and then lay the egg, or does she lay the egg first and then carry it around in her bill, looking for a suitable nest? Common sense would seem to dictate the former course as involving less risk of accident; but, if that be accepted as the correct answer, how are we to account for the amazing resemblance the cuckoo's egg sometimes bears to those among which it is found? The normal type is a whitish ground closely freckled and spotted with grey and pale brown, but in the Natural History Museum you may see three specimens of pure blue cuckoo-eggs, each of which was found in the nest of a bird which lays pure blue eggs—the hedge-sparrow, pied fly-catcher, and redstart. This is the extreme variation from orthodox coloration; but almost equally curious are the eggs which have been found in the nests of the meadow-pipit and garden-warbler bearing close resemblance to these very different eggs. An ingenious theory has been put forward to explain this singular variation. The cuckoo, like other migrants, returns year after year to the same breeding district, almost to the same copse (there is nothing unusual in that: the swallow returns spring after spring to her old nest, if allowed); any given hen cuckoo always chooses, it is thought, the nests of one particular species in which to place her eggs, patronising another only if she cannot find one of the sort she prefers, and, inasmuch as the diet of a bird is thought by some to influence in a degree the colour and markings of her egg, and because the, say, robin-reared young cuckoo will, of inherited instinct, when she grows up, select robins' nests in which to lay her eggs, it is suggested that the lineal descendants of that cuckoo will develop a tendency to produce eggs approaching in colour and markings those of the robins.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is curious that the recent outburst of international good-feeling between Great Britain and the United States has coincided with a wholesale migration of American pieces and players to the English stage. And yet there is nothing strange in the fact that our kinsmen beyond the sea, speaking the same language, with slight variations, and possessing a kindred taste (and not much more of it) in matters theatrical, should bring their plays and actors over to London. The wonder is that the balance has for so long been the other way, that English pieces have gone over in such larger numbers. Now that so many American pieces have been imported with such a generally cordial reception, a dramatic give-and-take will be established which must have good results.

There is certainly nothing on this side to prevent American pieces from succeeding. There is, or was, a clique of critics—or persons exercising the functions of critics—at New York and elsewhere that made a point of running down every English piece simply because it was English. This was partly from a not unnatural feeling of trade jealousy—for the "critic-dramatist" exists there, as here—partly from a feeling that British writers and managers had come to regard the States as their province, or their provinces, and partly from the desire to twist the Lion's tail, even as represented in the humblest of his cubs. No such feeling is to be traced in London. In fact, an American piece is sure of a kinder reception than an English piece of equal merit. Our critics and our public say, "This doesn't please us, but it has pleased the American public; probably we are too insular to appreciate it, and it is really good. In any case, the piece and the players have come a long way to amuse or thrill us; let us be amused and thrilled." And they applaud.

It may be doubted, however, whether the rush of Transatlantic drama has not been a trifle too great for permanency. American managers are apparently like English managers, and also like the sheep of all nations. When one has come over, all the rest follow. Having had "Secret Service," a melodrama of Civil War, spies, and sensation, we are now to have the same ingredients rehearsed and served up, with a bell act thrown in. Further, we have another melodrama of war and spies and sensation, using French materials in the American way. We have laughed at French farces filtered through the American; now we have another of the same sort. And a musical farce of the best American pattern is doing the unusual, and filling the Shaftesbury Theatre. One need not be hostile to the Great Republic to hint that this is perhaps—to borrow a phrase—"Too Much Jonathan." It is a little too strong to last at its present pitch.

But, while the friendly invasion lasts, it will be well for our managers and others to take some hints from the varying success of the American pieces and companies. The general impression is that in writing and the literary side of the drama—which does exist, *pace* "G. B. S."—there is not much to learn from the West. The dialogue of an American piece is quick, sharp, restlessly pointed; it may strain after verbal wit too much, but seldom sinks to mere padding, as in too many English pieces. This, however, is not literature. And in musical pieces, though American lyrics contrive to make their impression by bringing out a humorous point, their technical execution is sadly to seek. Scansion is an exception. Doubtless the lyrics "get there" as well as if they were Gilbert; but here, again, literature is not.

Nor, again, does the subject and construction add much to our knowledge. The great Civil War, indeed, is a common motive of melodrama, and gives chances for very effective plots, or rather, for one very effective plot. The combatants were of the same race and speech; the task of the spy was thus comparatively easy, and the presentation of a spy character is plausible. Families were divided between North and South on the battlefield, and the conflict between love and duty is always interesting when it can be made probable. When a Southern girl falls in love with a Northerner on the stage, we accept the situation; for in time of peace the two might very possibly have met and loved. But when we are required, as in "The Conquerors," to believe that a Breton can play a German so as to deceive Germans, and that two French girls can fall in love very speedily with two Prussian officers, we feel that a rather large draft is being made on our credulity. But, to get a Civil War motive for an English play, we must go back to Charles I. and Cromwell. When our dramatists try their hand on the military, they have to put in a traitor brother officer, which is unpleasant and unlikely.

Again, the farces that come over from the West have made the transit before. We know them; they come from Paris. They have been deodorised, and their adjustments improved. Chemically and mechanically, they are better; but French they remain. The lesson we have to learn from Americans is in the rendering. Their actors, yes, even their chorus and supers, throw life and "go" into everything, and really take an interest in the piece. The mechanism of the piece is made to work smoothly and without a moment's pause. And the comedians play into each other's hands instead of each gagging his own lines up and "crabbing" the business of the next. They seem to possess that zeal for the success of a piece which goes more than half-way to win success. I doubt if the Americans can show us what to do; but they can certainly show us how to do it.

MARMITON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



RUNNING' THE GAUNTLET.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Professor Max Müller's recollections, just published under the name of "Auld Lang Syne" (Longmans), are a great deal more varied than those of most learned scholars. He has always been a man of the world as well as a scholar, and has hobnobbed with all kinds of people, with kings and fiddlers, poets and beggars. We have been so long in the habit of looking on him as a countryman of our own, that to find he has had a conscious and even a very lively past in Germany comes on readers as a surprise. Not the least astonishing incident in it—or so it seems in the light of his later courtier-like respect for authority—was his imprisonment, when a boy of eighteen, for endangering the peace of Europe. The worst result of this incarceration was the long bill he ran up for beer and tobacco for the entertainment of the many friends who came to cheer his solitude.

To be a scholar was not his first ambition. After he had sat on Mendelssohn's knees in the Grosse Kirche at Dessau and played a choral, he determined to be a musician. Then, too, he was Weber's godson. In his teens he played at public concerts in the neighbourhood of Leipzig, and he seems to have given up rather reluctantly the idea of making music his profession. When he settled in Oxford his musical accomplishments were considered very rare and wonderful, but perhaps not quite dignified. Of his many musical stories, that of Dean Stanley and Jenny Lind is not the newest, but it is worth repeating. When the great singer had given "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," at his father's house, she drew forth from Stanley, who hated music, this bizarre compliment: "Some years ago I was at Vienna, and one evening there was a tattoo before the palace, performed by four hundred drummers. I felt shaken, and to-night, while listening to your singing, the same feeling came over me; I felt deeply moved."

Professor Max Müller has known nearly all the great men of letters of his time, and he has at least seen the rest. One of his most interesting pages tells of his glimpse of Heine, who had been a warm admirer of his father Wilhelm Müller's poems. Sitting before a Paris café one afternoon, a friend called out to him, "Here comes Heine!" "I jumped up to see; my friend stopped him and told him who I was. It was a sad sight. He was bent down, and dragged himself slowly along; his spare, greyish hair was hanging round his emaciated face, there was no light in his eyes. He lifted one of his paralysed eyelids with his hand and looked at me. For a time, like the blue sky breaking from behind grey October clouds, there passed a friendly expression across his face, as if he thought of days long by. Then he moved on, mumbling a line from Goethe in a deep, broken, and yet clear voice, as if appealing for sympathy, 'Das Maulthier sucht im Düstern seinen Weg.'"

The Tennyson anecdotes are not much like those we have been reading lately in the official biography. They show the Laureate distinctly in his undress moods, a terrible guest for a timid young hostess to entertain, a lover of the table and of his pipe; a most disappointing lion when he was meant to roar. Professor Max Müller tells these stories and others with considerable humour. But in his recollections of Emerson he relates a story, in the essayist's words, without a twinkle, and with such comment as only a serious-minded German could make. "My brother," said Emerson, "was sent by my father to Germany . . . and, after a thorough study of theology, was returning to America. On the voyage home the ship was caught in a violent gale, and all hope of saving the ship and the lives of the passengers was given up. At that time my brother said his prayers, and made a vow that, if his life should be spared, he would never preach again, but give up theology altogether and earn an honest living in some other way." There is something characteristically American in the inimitable gravity of this anecdote—though, indeed, it may owe its better part to the Teutonic reporter.

"Auld Lang Syne" might with advantage have been a smaller book. The reflective portions are a little obtrusive and a little dull. But the padding has a pleasant pattern of anecdote running through it. For its

neatness this one deserves quoting: During the '48 Revolution Max Müller was in Paris, living near a tobacconist's shop, "Aux Trois Blagues." The tobacconist was an aristo and a wit, and, in accordance with popular demand, he wrote—but under the *trois blagues*—"Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité."

These are very meagre pickings from a pleasant book. They do not exhaust the good things which Max Müller has dug out of his long and brilliant career for our amusement.

With what painful accuracy has Mrs. Campbell Praed named her new novel. "The Scourge-Stick" (Heinemann) calls up to a conscientious reviewer all his toil and pain. He was forced to toil and pain by the sense that it would be an outrage to leave a book containing such good stuff severely alone. But the temptation to neglect was sore. There is only one word that will express the crime of this by no means commonplace story, and the word is not accepted in polite circles. But the language of polite circles is all inadequate for an occasion which demands that we call three-fourths of "The Scourge-Stick" "jaw." The story is pathetic—the struggles of a woman of temperament to express herself somehow on the stage, in fiction, in a great love. The root of the matter is real, sound, sympathetic; but in cultivation the plant has grown into a monstrous thing of endless fine words, loose sentiment, flabby shapelessness. Anything more unworkmanlike, more inartistic, it is impossible to conceive; but the poetry in it is genuine, and much of its philosophy is thoughtful and wise. The principal characters are feeble great efforts; the minor ones are cleverly drawn, but with unnecessary detail. Very few writers could have written anything so good, and hardly one but could have written it much better. o. o.

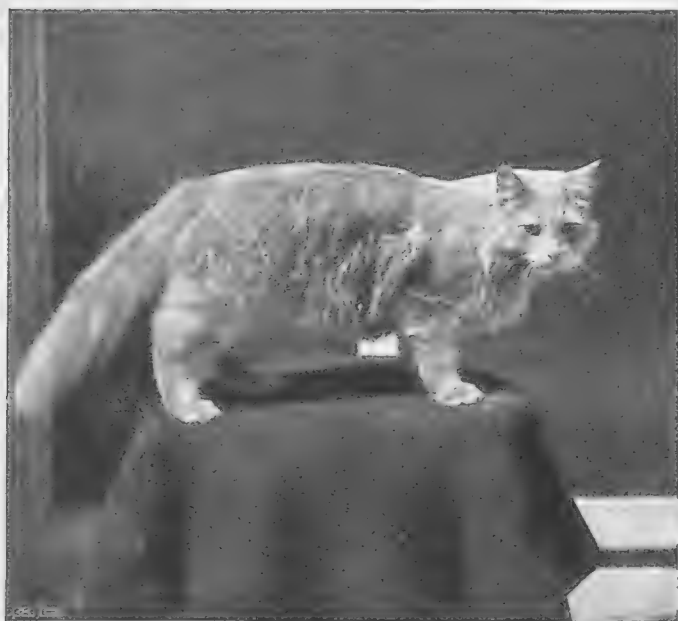
PRIEST AND ACTOR.



MR. LEIGHTON LEIGH.

Herewith is given a photograph of Mr. Leighton Leigh, a clerk in holy orders, who has taken to the stage after finding that the stipends provided by Mother Church are, in a great many cases, insufficient to sustain a proper position in the parish. While Mr. Leigh was in possession of a private income, in addition to his salary of £170 a-year, his expenditure marched with his income, with the well-known result—happiness. When that private income suddenly and unexpectedly ceased, the two things no longer kept step, with the equally well-known result—misery, so ably pointed out by the eminent political economist Wilkins Micawber. The stipend above-mentioned was further reduced by certain liabilities necessitating an annual payment of £30, leaving a net income of £2 13s. 10d. per week on which to support a wife and four children, keep up the position necessary to one of the clergy of the parish, and find the many little doles and meet the many little calls which are continually arising in such a position. This, Mr. Leigh flatly declares, is not to be done, although £170 is not at all a bad stipend as remuneration goes in the Establishment. Most of the so-called "good livings" in the Church are held by rich men whose positions cost them far more than their livings produce. There is the notorious case of the Vicar of Portsea, who out of a living of £1000 nominally manages to get a bare £150 for himself. Mr. Leigh, finding it impossible to support life, and having the fear of debt before his eyes, accidentally met Mr. F. A. Seudamore, who offered him a part in a touring company—an offer which was gratefully accepted. The priest-actor is still a priest, his orders having been retained, as he did not leave the Church voluntarily, but was reluctantly compelled to seek elsewhere that subsistence which the Establishment denied him. The longing for stage-life existed from his earliest years, and only that well-known factor, "parental opposition," prevented its satisfaction. Recently Mr. Leigh's resources have been augmented by a legacy, which enabled him to buy a partnership with his manager, and under their joint auspices a new play, with the alluring title of "Dangerous Women," will be produced at the Brixton Theatre on August Bank Holiday. The priest-actor will sustain the "juvenile lead." Other appearances of Mr. Leigh have been made in the "heavy" part in "Against the Tide," in "For the Honour of the Family," at the Duke of York's, when that piece was produced at a matinée, and a "walk-on" at Her Majesty's.

E A S T E R N C A T S .

Photographs by Charles Reid, Wishaw.

BLUE PERSIAN CAT.



SIAMESE CAT, GOBLINS, BELONGING TO THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

Whether it be due or not to the more lethargic temperament which is fostered by the petting his beauty secures him, we need not inquire; but it is certain that the Persian and Angora cats, as a rule, are less intelligent than the common British tabby. With very little patience you may teach an average short-haired cat simple tricks, provided, of course, that you take its education in hand during plastic kittenhood; but the long-haired cats, though beautiful and affectionate exceedingly, are dull-witted. All allowance must be made for the blue-eyed white Persians, which are so generally deaf. I have been reluctantly compelled to accept the theory of lower intelligence after indulgent study of Persians in full possession of their faculties. Kittens of origin so mean that they almost drop their "h's" when they hiss at a dog will wait beside hot food apparently



WHITE PERSIAN KITTENS.

conscious that it will cool; whereas all the young Persians with whom I have ever been acquainted burn their tongues and will not look at the dish again.

Persians and Angoras may be considered one variety; for exhibition purposes they are described as "long-haired" cats and classed according to colour. The pure white is usually regarded as the typical Persian cat; but there are black Persians, dark tabby, silver or blue tabby, cream or orange, "smoke," and cats with variegated coats, which are classed by themselves. Mr. J. E. Dewar's Le Roi is a splendid example of the dark tabby; he is the proud winner of fifteen first prizes, two seconds, and forty special prizes, four of the latter having been awarded him as the best cat in the show. His portrait was taken in June, when he was not in coat. The long-haired cats are always at their best during



BLUE-AND-WHITE PERSIAN KITTEN.



A PROMINENT PRIZE-WINNER BELONGING TO MR. DEWAR, EDINBURGH.

the winter months. It may be natural indolence, but the Persian cat is apt to be careless about its appearance, devoting far less attention to its toilette than the short-haired cat. This shortcoming may be corrected by shutting the delinquent up in a cage for a few days; the prisoner finds time hang heavily on its paws, and cleans itself for the sake of occupation. The habit of washing thus acquired continues after release.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE FAR EAST.

In the struggle for commercial supremacy in the Far East the wealthy city of Shanghai will play a leading part. It stands at the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the valley of which for three thousand miles inland is the richest territory in China. The illimitable commercial possibilities of the Yang-tse have been little more than tapped. They have yet to be developed, and the present reconstruction of affairs may lead to this.

Shanghai has long been the centre of commercial interests on the coast of China. It is the metropolis of the Far East. Its harbour teems with merchant-ships, sometimes three hundred at a time, mostly British. Stately buildings along the quays are the branches of British commercial houses. No other Eastern city has been brought so much under our commercial influence. There are French and German compounds, but the British settlement predominates.

The foreign settlement is governed by a Municipal Council, which consists chiefly of British merchants. They are elected by the five thousand European residents, but control a total population of 250,000 within their jurisdiction. The Council has been the means of greatly improving the sanitary condition of the city. The organisation carried on reminds one of the municipal work in an English city. There are municipal gas and water supplies, electric

light, gardens, public parks, public markets, a drill-hall, and well-organised police services. Hospitals have been provided for the treatment of infectious disease. Shanghai was a pioneer in the matter of electric-lighting. Arc-lamps were introduced in 1882, long before the light had been used in many towns in England. Now it is proposed to construct electric tramways. One should not forget to mention that there is an efficient fire-brigade, and that the business-like municipality has its own workshops for making drain-pipes and other sanitary appliances. The Municipal Council of Shanghai is altogether a remarkable organisation, which does much to preserve good order, protect public health, and generally to promote the well-being of a strangely mixed community of over a quarter of a million. Shanghai is by no means the biggest port in China in point of population, but its trade is enormously ahead of the others, and thus the organisation which the Municipal Council enforces is of the utmost importance. The excellent state in which Shanghai finds itself only shows what Western methods can do for Eastern civilisation.



WATERWORKS AT SHANGHAI.

Some Persians will allow themselves to be bathed in hot water, but none that I have ever known will take to water with the readiness of the short-haired and kink-tailed cats of Burma, Siam, and Malaya. I once took a pair of kittens with me from a jungle village, and when the boat reached mid-stream let them out of the basket, thinking my prizes were safe. They went straight to the thwart, and, almost without hesitation, sprang overside. One I caught in the act of "taking off," the other alighted in the water full four feet from the boat, and swam faster than any dog the forty or fifty yards to shore, where a Burman caught him as he struggled through the thin, deep mud.

A tame jungle-cat, owned by a lady in Rangoon, used to take to water as readily as an otter in pursuit of fish; he was an exceedingly clever angler, and was said to spend the better part of his days by a stream which ran through a jungle-clad ravine, fishing and eating his prey. The common British cat occasionally conquers its aversion to water for the sake of sport: at the Solway Fishery, Dumfries, Mr. Armitstead, a few years ago, had a cat which caught trout frequently in the shallows, and—with more enthusiasm than sense—used to spring at fish that rose within range in deep water. She never, by any accident, caught one by this latter method, but persevered with determination worthy of a Thames trout-fisher, swimming ashore after each failure, and clambering unconcernedly out; another cat had the same propensity.

The Duchess of Bedford's Goblins is not one of the kink-tailed variety. He belongs to the royal Siamese breed, and his coat is fawn on the back and sides, darkening into a deep brown on the legs and under-parts. Her Grace possessed a pair of these cats, and it is a curious fact that their kittens were always white. A noteworthy point about the cats from the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, and one of which I have not found mention in any of the books on cats, is the length of their hind limbs. The Persians and ordinary cats stand almost level; the kink-tailed and royal Siamese breeds arrest attention at once by the height of their quarters, which serves, in the former varieties, to make their taillessness the more obvious.

C.



TEA-GARDEN IN SHANGHAI.

"TOO MUCH JOHNSON," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

"*Johnson.*"—We heard a good deal about Johnson, but not the real Johnson, when Augustus Billings, his wife, and mother-in-law were on their way to Cuba to visit the plantation which, according to Augustus's story, he possessed. On the back of Johnson, Augustus laid all his conjugal offences, and he believed that the Johnson represented by him to be his overseer did not exist. The plantation they were to visit was supposed by Billings to belong to an amiable friend. But—one must sometimes begin a sentence with a "but," despite Lindley Murray—but there was a Johnson, and he had bought the plantation from the friend of Billings!

"*Much Johnson.*"—Mr. Johnson was not a man to be trifled with—indeed, one would sooner trifle with a mad bull than with such a creature as the burly Cuban, whose hand was generally near his pistol-pocket. Yet when the party came he was at his sweetest, for he was awaiting his bride, the pretty girl who was coming out to marry him: he had never seen her—foreign custom must explain this. When Augustus discovered the true state of affairs, even such a



Billings pretends that Johnson's fiancée and father are merely his poor relations, so Johnson orders them to work.



Johnson settles the marriage contract with the bewildered Mrs. Billings, and her mother puts in her spoke.

liar as he felt embarrassed. To tell the truth would be to put himself into the power of his mother-in-law. Now Johnson, when he saw Mrs. Billings, fancied that she was to be his bride, and he fell in love with her instantly and prodigiously. Augustus was compelled to allow Johnson to remain for a while under the mistake. However, the real betrothed arrived at the plantation, accompanied by Mr. Faddish, her father. What was to be done? "Who are these?" asked the bewildered Cuban. "Poor relatives," replied the audacious Augustus.

"*Too Much Johnson.*"—For a while, a short while, things went almost smoothly. Johnson sent the Faddish family into the kitchen to work, and they durst not complain, could not explain. Even when Augustus struck the ferocious monster, he endured the blow, fancying that he deserved it for trying to kiss the wrong woman. Nevertheless, even Augustus could not prevent some of his lies, necessarily inconsistent, from clashing and awakening distrust in the heart of the amorous planter. Yet he carried the game very far while making his arrangements for escape. Indeed, even a notary was called in, and the marriage contract discussed, to the bewilderment of Mrs. Billings and her mother; but at last the truth came out,

for Miss Faddish ran away with a sweetheart, and then lie after lie went wrong. In the meantime, Augustus had completed his plans for the evacuation of Cuba, and just when things were at the most complicated, and blood and thunder appeared inevitable, he adopted what may be called an evasive dénouement, and settled the affair by a *solvitur ambulando* process, escaping with bag and baggage.

The new French of "*La Plantation Thomassin*" is an amusing farce, if not of the highest quality; at times it is rather aggravatingly mechanical, but many scenes cause hearty laughter. Mr. Gillette's acting as the untruthful Augustus is a most successful example of farce-acting of the imperturbable school, and quite fascinated the house. Clever work was done by Mr. Joseph Brennan as Johnson, and the others gave a creditable performance.

With reference to the article on the *Windward*, which appeared in these columns the other day, Mr. Leyborne Popham, writing from the Piccadilly Club, tells me that he, and not Captain Wiggins, owned that famous exploring ship until it was sold for the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition to the North.



Johnson proposes to kill Billings for striking him because he tried to kiss his wife.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"TREWINNOT OF GUY'S."*

Its idyllic simplicity is the chief charm of Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's "Trewinnot of Guy's." Its hero's aunt has been persuaded by her rascally lawyer to cut off the supplies which maintained him as a student at Guy's Hospital, in order that he might be starved into a consent to marry the solicitor's daughter, whom he had never even seen. He is, however, starved only into trying to earn his own bread in professional and unprofessional ways. Indeed, his first attempt was not unprofessional only, but anti-professional, since he assists an itinerant quack to dispose of his nostrums by acting as the Merry Andrew of the firm. This brief and casual collaboration with the quack brings Trewinnot into connection with a dying uncle, while his very next engagement, as assistant to a Peckham doctor, throws him into daily association with an aunt who is killing herself with opium. These relationships, of which he has no suspicion, concern him less, however, than that of the girl—the guardian angel of the doctor's derelict household—who, also unknown to him, is the young lady he had declined to marry. Her father had absconded—having utterly ruined his confiding client, the hero's aunt—and the girl had accepted this situation under a feigned name. Of course, they fall in love with each other, but the hero's strong abstract view of the hereditability of rascality, which he had frequently expressed to her, frightens her into rejecting him. It was a purely abstract doctrine, as he had not the least suspicion of her relationship to the defaulting lawyer, nor she of his relationship to the swindled client. She is the first to discover how they stand in this matter to each other, and the shock of the discovery drives her into blind, headlong flight. After some distressing and alarming adventures, she is taken up by a benevolent old lady who was struck in the street by the wistful winsomeness of her face. Meanwhile, the hero was left, through his ignorance of the cause of her flight, at once dismayed, perplexed, and despairing. He was once, indeed, on her track, and almost within reach of her, when her rival interposes to shut out the sight of her and set him on a false scent. This young lady is a virulent exemplification of Congreve's dictum—

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred
turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Having made violent and vain love to the hero, she resolves to revenge her disappointment on both him and her rival, and fortune favours her diabolical design. She had met at a disreputable public ball a "captain" who seduced and blackmailed her, and finally initiated her into the mysteries of his real calling, that of a coiner. With the "captain's" aid, she kidnapped the heroine, who had been knocked senseless by their carriage, and carried her off towards their coiner's den. On the way the heroine comes to herself, and, seeing the red lamp of a doctor's house, she springs from the carriage and makes for it. Before, however, she could reach it, the "captain" overtook her, and, stifling her shrieks with a cloak flung over her head, carried her back to the carriage. Her shrieks had roused the doctor, who was none other than her lover, the hero; but he could not induce the policeman on that beat to pursue the abductors, and, as Trewinnot himself had no idea that the abducted girl was his sweetheart, he was fain to let the affair take its terrible course. In this way the heroine was abducted with a devilish intention thus communicated to her by her rival: "And you," she went on bitterly, "you who have ridden over me with your shy ways and big brown eyes, you have come to keep me company, haven't you? How kind of you! But how fond you must be of vicious society to follow me into such a place! I hope your own spotless reputation won't suffer. But I am afraid I shall have to keep you here sufficiently long to get it tarnished. In the meantime, I can easily find you another sweetheart to reconcile you for the loss of the handsome young doctor." However, the heroine sacrifices her life to her honour, and either drowns herself or is drowned in an attempt to escape

from this den of infamy. But her rival has not yet drunk the cup of her vengeance to the dregs. She hurries off to the hero and volunteers to restore to him his love. He accompanies her in eager expectation of the heroine's restoration to him, and is led by his fiendish guide to the side of the bed where the drowned girl lay under a dripping sheet. "Like a man in mortal agony, Trewinnot staggered to the bed and fell in a heap beside it, his arm across the corpse. Daisy watched him as he groped for one of Saidie's cold hands and laid his cheek against it. Then he rose, and, turning back the sheet, stooped over the silent form in the bed, his face—already grown strangely old—working with anguish so terrible that even Daisy shrank back horror-stricken and stole guiltily away."

There is only one thing for Trewinnot to do now, and he does it, for the author is far from believing herself in her charitable supposition that his death was accidental. "He had been found drowned in the river, but whether he had lost his way and had wandered in the fog, or had of his own choice sought death among the cruel waters that had slain his darling, we shall never know." The catastrophe is, perhaps, too terrible for a tale which, like the sweet song in "Twelfth Night"—

Is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.



MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN AND BABY BERYL.

Photo by Shepherd, Southend.

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's pictures of medical-student life, of doctors, dispensers, *locum tenens*—or, as *Punch* happily put it once in the mouth of a Mrs. Malaprop, *delirium tremens*—are admirable and have obviously been studied "from the real and nude figure." I have not the least doubt that the hieroglyphic prescription on page 269 is a facsimile of a real *delirium tremens* prescription; while the doctor's mode of dealing with "Club" patients is borne out by the experience of a friend of mine. Noting that one of the three "cure-alls" served out by a "Club" doctor to his swarming patients bore a label unknown to the Pharmacopœia—"A. D. T."—he had the curiosity to ask for an interpretation of the mystic letters. "Oh, that," replied the "Club" doctor; "that's the most popular medicine I dispense." "But what is it? What does 'A. D. T.' stand for?" "Any damn thing," serenely replied the "Club" doctor. Even Trewinnot of Guy's is not above humorous tricks of this kind played on patients so silly, exacting, and thankless as to tempt Hippocrates himself to quackery. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, in a word, lets us behind the scenes and gives us a singularly realistic and edifying picture of the "Club" doctor, who, after all, is but an avatar of Ben Jonson's "Alchymist"—

A rare physician, to do him right,
An excellent Paracelsian, and has done
Strange cures with mineral physic, and will hear no word
Of Galen, or his tedious recipes. RICHARD ASHE KING.

FUNERALS UP-TO-DATE.

The Americans have come to the conclusion that a great deal too much time is wasted in accompanying their dead to the cemetery. They have been experimenting at Newport with a new system of electric tramway specially reserved for funeral processions, and they say that it is a great success. This tramway consists of several cars; the first one contains a table on which the coffin is placed, and in this car there is also room for the clergyman. The whole of the interior is draped with black cloth embroidered with silver. In the other carriages the relations and friends of the deceased are accommodated. The tramway has its own special rails, which traverse the streets and proceed to the cemetery, a distance of three miles from the town. The journey costs ten cents per person, and the dead person and the clergyman travel free. Certainly Americans will save both time and money with their latest innovation; but let us hope it will stay in America!

* "Trewinnot of Guy's." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. London: John Long.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. T. SPURGEON, THE PRESENT PASTOR.



THE LATE C. H. SPURGEON.

Probably since the great fire which demolished the church of Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn, there has been no such conflagration on so large and damaging a scale at any place of worship as that which burned down the Metropolitan Tabernacle on April 20. In about two hours nothing save gaunt, blackened walls and twisted iron pillars remained of what was the biggest chapel in the United Kingdom.

Every Londoner, and tens of thousands of people all over the world, knew "Spurgeon's Tabernacle," near the Elephant and Castle. Since 1861, when it was first opened for Divine worship, the great building must have been visited by millions. Built of Kentish ragstone, it was unpretentious in architecture, and was designed solely for the purpose of accommodating as many hearers as possible. Everyone had a view of the preacher, who occupied a platform placed almost on a level with the first gallery, and the acoustic properties of the vast building were such that the clear voice of Mr. Spurgeon reached every listener easily. The external length of the Tabernacle was two hundred and eight feet, and the width one hundred and six feet. The height from floor to roof was eighty-nine feet. The cost of erection was £31,000, a sum which was raised with little difficulty at a time when the fame of the preacher was at its height. In the foundation-stone, which has survived destruction

probably, there were placed copies of the Baptist Confession of Faith, Dr. Rippon's Hymn-Book, and other documents.

Throughout more than thirty years Mr. Spurgeon's popularity as a preacher never waned. Every Sunday thousands trooped to the Tabernacle, and few country-cousins thought their visit to town complete without hearing the great orator. Inside the building, which stood at a slight distance from the road, the sight of the crowds of worshippers was most impressive. From the ground-floor to the topmost gallery there would be serried rows of faces all turned towards the platform. Exactly at the time for commencement a door was opened, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon came slowly, and often in evident pain, down the stairs to the semi-circular platform. By this time the whole building presented a sea of faces—an inspiration to any speaker. The preacher would give a careful, sweeping glance round, and then, in that bell-like voice which never lost its arresting power, he would offer prayer. There was no instrument to lead the singing, but, instead, a vigorous precentor, whose voice, like that of Corney Grain's chorister—

... o'ertopped the rest,
Which was very inartistic,
But the public liked it best!



THE TABERNACLE AS IT WAS.



THE TABERNACLE AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Then came, in due course, the sermon—bright, lively, unconventional. Mr. Spurgeon never failed to say things which were remembered afterwards; he was never dull or commonplace. In the congregation, in times past, had been many of the leading personages of the Queen's reign—Mr. Gladstone, Lord Shaftesbury, Harriet Beecher-Stowe, John Ruskin, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, George Henry Lewes (much impressed with Spurgeon's dramatic power), Harriet Martineau, and many more. The audience always contained several soldiers, whose red uniforms were very noticeable. And the young shorthand-writer was there in full force. For some time, indeed, a dozen or so students from Pitman's School might be seen busily reporting Mr. Spurgeon, whose slow, clear enunciation was delightful to the amateur. The authorised reports, afterwards printed and sold at the Tabernacle, were provided by a skilful shorthand-writer seated below the platform.

There was behind the chapel a good deal of space occupied by committee-rooms, &c., and in the minister's vestry there were several historical treasures of great interest to the admirer of Mr. Spurgeon. Since the famous preacher's death the congregations have been well maintained under the pastorate of his son, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, to whom, with the other members of the Spurgeon family, this sad catastrophe has come with a natural shock. One consolation which exists is the fact that the vast building was unoccupied at the time of the fire, otherwise the consequences might have been terrible.

THE SECRETS OF STAGE MECHANISM.

We do not, as a rule, associate the Society of Arts with "stageland," but on Wednesday evening one found its Lecture-Room crowded with

though we may spend £1000 on a panorama scene for a pantomime, we grudge the five-pound note for that little contrivance with the aid of which that scene would work smoothly. Why, given better appliances, what beautiful stage-effects our managers would surely produce!

It is not for me to go into the technical detail of the subject; it is not for me to examine how it is that a moon rises suddenly, and then stops with a jerk, or to explain how it is that many a sky really looks like so much linen on a clothes-line. Mr. J. B. Mulholland, in the course of discussion, indicated that the main reason for any lack of progress was prejudice, for he even had had considerable trouble himself to introduce such a simple appliance as a new thunder-machine. Everyone had insisted on keeping to the tin tea-tray of old on which Jove generally sounds his peals behind the scenes. The palm of the discussion which followed Mr. Sachs' paper was certainly carried by Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, in the wittiest manner, scathingly condemned much that is anomalous in our scenery, and even made Herr Kranich, the great stage mechanist from Bayreuth, who was present, sit up, when he gave some of his experiences of the performance of "Rheingold" in Wagner's great theatre. Mr. Bernard Shaw strongly advocated improved appliances and improved methods of mounting, and, going into detail, seemed to favour the electric revolving stage, with the aid of which a story could be rapidly told in a succession of short scenes. Mr. Sachs had referred to this stage at considerable length, and had shown how an opera like "Don Juan" had been mounted at Munich with the aid of the turn-table. He considered that these appliances were particularly

adapted for the presentation of Shaksperian plays, and Mr. Bernard Shaw seemed to be certainly of the same opinion. A. D.



DRURY LANE STAGE, SHOWING HYDRAULIC BRIDGES SET FOR THE "HEATH" SCENE IN "THE WHITE HEATHER."

many who are directly or indirectly connected with the theatre, to hear a paper on "Stage Mechanism" read by Mr. Edwin O. Sachs, the famous architect. Sir Douglas Straight, the most ardent of playgoers, presided. Now, Mr. Sachs has very high ideals in respect to things theatrical. We know this from his important work, "Modern Opera Houses and Theatres," and his various lectures on the Housing of the Drama. It was thus not surprising—as Mr. Alfred Moul, of the Alhambra, in the course of the discussion, pointed out—that Mr. Sachs should aspire to better things in a department which cannot as yet be said to have attained a very high level. This department is generally known as that of the stage-carpenter, and we, of course, all know that, with the exception of a few modifications in its minor details, our stages have certainly not improved much during the last century. Abroad, however, primarily in the United States and in Northern Europe, there has been some improvement, and, in individual cases, a most marked improvement, more particularly during the last twenty years, since the iron stage worked by hydraulics or electricity has come into use. Thus fourteen hands work a great opera at Vienna, while from a hundred to a hundred and fifty stage-hands are often employed in our two patent theatres. We lavish money on scenery in a manner quite unknown to the Continent, and its beauty only too often surpasses what we can see in a Continental capital; but,



DRURY LANE STAGE, SHOWING THE BRIDGES SET FOR THE "LOW WATER" IN THE LOCK SCENE.

Photographs by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, April 27, 8.14; Thursday, 8.16; Friday, 8.18; Saturday, 8.19; Sunday, 8.20; Monday, 8.22; Tuesday, 8.24.

"We cannot," remarked the Bishop of Oxford in a sermon which he preached at Maidenhead lately, "set clergymen or Scripture-readers to preach to people who are going on bicycles or in boats on Sundays. We do not know who they are; so far as that goes, we can only pray that a sounder state of public opinion and public morality may follow the universal remonstrance that the present state of things is calling forth."

But is "the present state of things" calling forth "universal remonstrance"? I maintain that it is not. In many parts of the country, persons formerly unable to go to church on Sundays because they lived several miles from a church now go on bicycles. In Ireland especially this is so, and in several of the parishes there the officiating minister has gone so far as to provide Sunday stabling for the machines of the faithful. Many persons, I know, object to taking out their horses and carriages on Sundays, because by doing so they give their servants unnecessary work to do; but to say that it is harmless to move one's feet horizontally—more or less—on Sundays, but the height of wickedness to move them round and round, strikes me as being a somewhat incongruous statement.

Though members of the Army and Navy, Naval and Military, and other Service clubs now ride bicycles with impunity, and are allowed to bring their machines within the precincts of their clubs, Boodle's, the oldest of all clubs in London, and probably the most conservative, still adheres to its rule that "Any member bringing a dog or bicycle into any part of the club shall be fined one guinea."

At "a dinner of bicycle-manufacturers"—so it was described in a local newspaper—at which I happened to be present last week, one of the speakers drew particular attention to the fact that the demand for highly geared machines was increasing steadily. He declared that nowadays it was not unusual for ladies to order bicycles geared up to seventy or even to seventy-four, and he went on delicately to insinuate that evidently the exercise of bicycling was already having a beneficial effect upon the gentler sex by making them "stronger in the limb." Three years ago, he added, no woman ever thought of riding a machine geared above sixty or sixty-one, and very few had strength to do so.

With all due deference to the speaker referred to, I cannot help thinking, from what I have seen of ladies on highly geared bicycles, and from what ladies who ride these machines tell me, that most of the women who order bicycles geared up to seventy do so because they think, and rightly so, that they look more graceful, and are seen to better advantage generally, on a highly geared machine. They seem to forget, however, that the work of hill-climbing is enormously increased when the rider has a high gear to contend with, and that the danger of cycling in traffic on a highly geared machine is considerable. Consequently, it is safe to predict that the fashion of riding highly geared bicycles will not last long, especially among ladies, and therefore I would strongly advise the contemplating male purchaser not to order gearing above sixty-eight, while ladies will find sixty-four or sixty-six quite high enough. The butchers' and bakers' carts that thread the traffic of London with so much ease, and even when travelling at a high rate of speed can be stopped dead almost within a yard, are geared very much lower than any bicycle.

Several weeks ago I hinted that Germany is in some respects a distressful country for cyclists; but, indeed, under the paternal government of the Kaiser, no one, whether a votary of the wheel or not, can do as he likes, and the custodians of law and order are apt to make life a burden. In Berlin, if you enter a shop, for example, you may not leave your machine unguarded in the street. A gentleman did so the other day, and his bicycle was stolen. He at once gave information to the police, with a view to their taking steps for the recovery of his stolen property. With what result? He was promptly fined for infringing the law by leaving his machine unguarded, and he has not

recovered the bicycle. We should regard this as adding insult to injury, but perhaps they look at things from a different point of view in Germany.

A singular fracas occurred recently on the road between Antwerp and Turnhout. A number of cyclists were met by a band of workmen, one of whom was carrying a large sheet of glass. By way of a practical joke, he broke the sheet of glass over the head of one of the riders. The assaulted wheelman escaped without a scratch, but the joker was not disappointed of his joke, for the following cycles suffered severely, no fewer than ten pneumatic tyres being punctured by the shattered fragments. Needless to say, "ructions" ensued; the cyclists retaliated, and the police had their work cut out to restore order.

I understand that the State Railways of Belgium have adopted special vans for the safe conveyance of cycles. This is the result of the frequent claims for compensation that have been preferred against the company for injury to machines in transit. If everyone in this country were to make a claim against the railway companies when his machine is damaged, it might result in better accommodation being provided. We are many of us too lax in this respect, preferring to have our

machines repaired at our own cost, to the endless trouble and worry of enforcing our claim when the damage is trifling. But it is short-sighted policy, for, the more we worry the railway companies, the more likely are we to obtain the much-needed reform.

I am told that a solid tyre, said to be superior to the best sort of pneumatic at present on the market, is soon to be seen in London. I am told that bicycles will be largely used by the War Correspondents. I am told that the interest at one time displayed by the public in watching bicycle races is still flagging. I am told that the Prince of Wales's bicycle instructor will soon have more pupils than he can possibly find time to teach. I am told not to tell you the reason—but I think you can guess it.

A cyclist riding along Rodney Road, Walworth, met with a curious accident a short time ago. He suddenly found himself caught round the throat by a string, and was thrown from his machine, suffering considerable injury. Under the impression that the string had been stretched across the road by some malicious person for the purpose of catching and injuring passing cyclists, he made for the nearest police-station, and returned with an officer to the place to investigate the matter, when it appeared that the accident had occurred through a kite, which some boys had been flying, becoming fixed in a chimney

stack, and in endeavouring to extricate it the lads had inadvertently left the line attached to the kite stretched across the road.

The editor of *Travel* communicates the following paragraph to the press—

The three cycling commissioners of *Travel*, Messrs. Fraser, Lunn, and Lowe, who are now crossing the Rockies and Western America, riding full speed for home, have had a most interesting interview with the Marquis Ito during their stay in Japan. The Prime Minister invited them to dinner at his official residence in Tokio, to meet the other Japanese Ministers of State. Mr. Fraser, who records the interview, was much impressed with the quiet optimism of the Japanese Premier. He regards the Marquis Ito as a man who, while a leader in reform, is really also a restraining force. The cyclists have now covered 15,000 miles in their ride from England to Yokohama, and have still 3000 miles to traverse across the American continent. They expect to reach London towards the end of July.

It is twenty-two years since the gallant Burnaby performed his famous ride to Khiva (brought home daily to Londoners on the back of the 'bus tickets). Mr. R. L. Jefferson is now going to do the trip on wheel for the *Cycle*. He started from the Catford cycle-track last Saturday week. His route from Calais is to be by the French coast to Belgium, and thence to Germany. He will cross the spurs of the Black Forest Mountains into Austria, then into Transylvania, and across the Carpathian Mountains to Moldavian territory. He will enter Russia near Odessa. At Kazalinsk he will enter Turkestan proper, and then will begin his adventurous journey across the great, roadless, inhospitable desert of Kara Kum to Khiva.



MR. R. L. JEFFERSON, WHO IS TO RIDE TO KHIVA.

Photo by Campbell, Creed Lane.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

George Giffen's newly published book, "With Bat and Ball," is especially interesting at present, when different theories, none of them quite convincing, have been put forward to account for the failure of Stoddart's team in Australia. The preface is dated August 1897, before the English tour commenced, so that the hints one may gather from the book as to the causes of Australia's success are free from any *ex post facto* element, and yet it is remarkable that he forecasts the actual result of the tour with some confidence. In the second of the chapters giving the records of previous test-matches, headed "Fights for the Ashes," in which title a passing joke of the *Sporting Times* so far back as 1882 is perpetuated, he sums up his opinion of the relative merits of English and Australian cricket as follows—

We now, I think, approach nearer to the all-round standard of English excellence than ever before. The bowlers of the Old Country may not be quite what their great predecessors of the early 'eighties were, but their batting is as fine as ever. Australian batting is, to my mind, stronger now than ever it was, while the bowling may well bear comparison with that of bygone days.

Perhaps this deficiency in bowling had as much to do as anything with the non-success of the English team. The wickets were, as a rule, perfect, and much faster than "home" pitches; and while our bowlers got no assistance from the ground, the Australian batsmen knew better than our own how to take advantage of the favourable conditions. In his account of the matches played in Australia, Giffen lays full stress upon the ill effects of the extreme heat on the English team on more than one critical occasion, and it must be admitted that, when the thermometer stands at over one hundred degrees in the shade, as it did one day at Adelaide in the tour of 1894-5, the Englishmen are not on equal terms with their Colonial rivals. The season in Australia is rather longer than in England, and, though it is supposed to run from October to April, Giffen says it is possible to play in Adelaide all the year round. He is not, however, inclined to think that this tells in favour of his countrymen, as during the season itself the opportunities for practice are much more rare than they are here, and there exists no parallel to the training English players enjoy in the daily matches between the counties. Giffen's book, which is abundantly illustrated with photographs of English and Australian players, does not profess to be a connected record of the game, so far as Australia is concerned, during the period it covers; nor is it an autobiography, but simply the author's "recollections of great matches, splendid achievements, and curious incidents which have come under his ken." It is full of interesting matter for the cricketer, and at the end there are some more than usually practical hints on bowling, batting, and fielding. If for nothing else, this book, by one of the foremost players of the day, is worth reading for the insight it gives us into the extraordinary "keenness" which imbues the cricket-loving Australian, from those that play in test-matches down to the objectionable "barracker."

RACING NOTES.

There is enough "material" in the Chester Cup to produce one of the best long-distance races of the year. This old-fashioned event seems to have revived since the conditions were altered, and the race to be decided next week will be worthy of its best days. Mr. Dobell's fine stayer The Rush heads the handicap, with Carlton Grange, Merman, and Labrador as attendants. All these horses have been doing the long work necessary for a race of this description, a remark that also applies to Up Guards, who is lower down. The Manchester November Handicap and Northamptonshire Stakes winner, Telescope, is also doing well at Manton, and should not be far off the winner. It would be appropriate if John Porter trained the winner in Labrador for the Duke of Westminster, and I must say I think this is about the likeliest one in the race. The danger to Labrador I take to be Telescope.

Ascot is the crack meeting of the flat-race season. The stakes run for on the Royal Heath are uniformly greater in value than those competed for at any other meeting. The animals that take part in the races are, generally speaking, much superior in class to those that run at other places. The spectators include more of the "upper ten" than are seen at other meetings. These are some of the advantages. Now let me add the great disadvantage: there is no worse-conditioned course in the land. What racing man can say he ever saw the Ascot course soft and springy? On the other hand, the ground is always hard and unyielding, and many a horse has had to be kept in its stable rather than take the risk of jarring. The prizes at Ascot are quite rich enough—some of them a little too rich for the races they produce. Why not spend some of the money on improving the course, and so tend to the improvement of the racing?

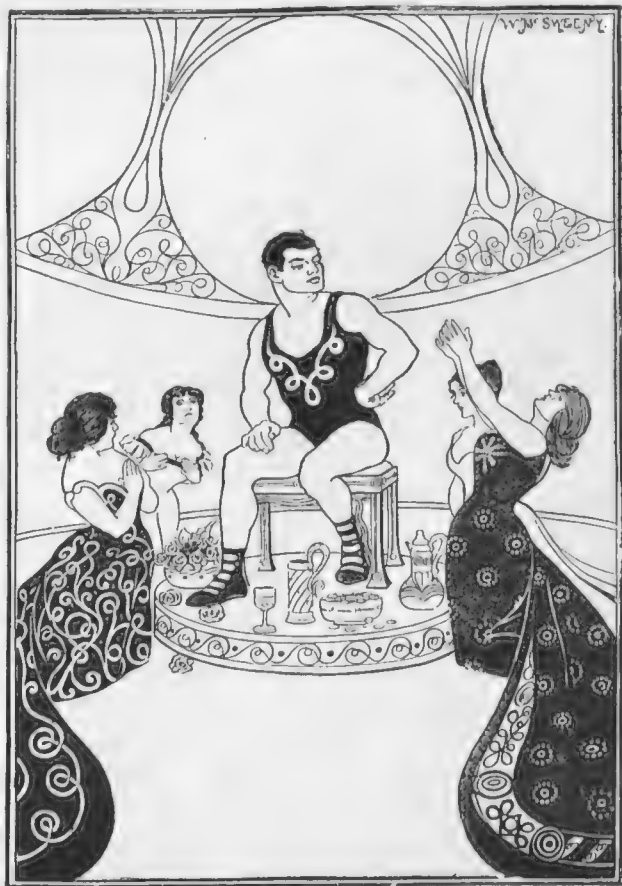
Those who depended on the Lincoln form to come out good have been woefully disappointed. It seems, in the light of later running, that

Prince Barcaldine had nothing of any great merit to beat in the handicap. His nearest attendants in that race, High Treasurer and Ravensdale, have both since been badly beaten, and one or two of those that finished further astern have done no better, notably, Melange, who, like Ravensdale, has been a dual loser. Then, in the two-year-old line, Lovetin, on the strength of his Carlholme running, was made the medium of a plunge at Catterick Bridge, and was badly beaten. Sais, who was just beaten by Lovetin at Lincoln, suffered a like fate when running at Newmarket against Limone, but he picked up a race at Epsom, though not at a price that would pay those who had followed him.

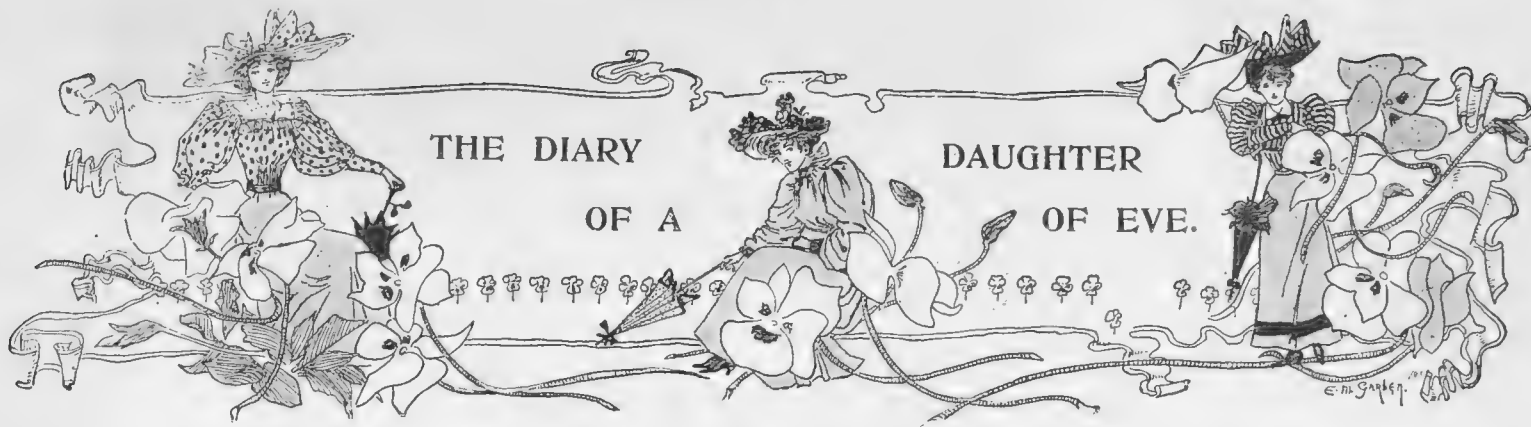
The events at the Epsom Spring Meeting taught us, as they have taught us many a time before, that seven races in one day on such a course are too many. Nine times out of ten the racing at Epsom finishes an hour late, and many people have to go away without seeing the programme completed. If the executive will not cut a race out, is it too much to expect that they will try the starting-machine? Whatever may be the defects of the machine, the starts could not possibly have been worse than they were in one or two cases, even if it had been used, and the great probability is, they would have been vastly superior. Mr. Dorling and Co., if you believe in giving your patrons some value for their money, kindly note.

Sir Walter Gilbey, who has been among horses more or less all his life, but has only once owned a racehorse capable of winning under Jockey Club Rules, is an old-world figure. He is tall and erect, with a florid complexion, a small, fair moustache, has eyes of great brilliancy, and would attract attention anywhere. The costume he affects is in keeping with the taste for the fashions and fancies of yesteryear he displays in so many things, notably driving to race-meetings in a carriage with postilions and four. Sir Walter generally wears a black coat, cut high enough to show the second button of a buff waistcoat and a small white cambric bow, and low enough to show a couple of inches of white frilled shirt and bunch of seals. He gained his baronetcy, which was conferred on him in 1893, for his work in the cause of agriculture.

The Jockey Club should pass a law limiting the number of five and six furlong scrambles. At present there are far too many such races, and, while this state of things exists, I suppose owners and trainers will not trouble about finding out whether their horses are fit for anything else. Clerks of Courses, naturally, include a number of these races in their programmes, because so many horses are always entered. But the fact that owners, trainers, and Clerks of Courses are satisfied should not outweigh all other considerations. Your true sportsman abominates the short cuts. There is too often no element of sport attached to them, and when they provoke gambling sheer and unadulterated, as they have done once or twice lately, they are beneath contempt. CAPTAIN COE.



APOTHEOSIS OF MUSCULARITY.



Monday.—Florrie will have to be written down among persons to be avoided. She has developed a taste for philanthropy, and is always urging me to take tickets for something or the other. Charity is an excellent virtue, much to be commended, but if Florrie practises it enthusiastically it may lead me to extravagance. Now she has become a

to act a new duologue called "The Runaways," by Mrs. Aria. I shall be reckless to the extent of a guinea on the occasion of the concert, but I must seriously talk to Florrie about the adoption of philanthropy as an occupation. Those women I know who are always collecting something for somebody are worthy, but expensive, acquaintances.



A PALE-PINK SATIN WITH GUIPURED BLACK VELVET.



[Copyright.]

A BROCADE THEATRE-CLOAK FACED WITH CHIFFON.

patron of the Charing Cross Hospital, and is helping them to establish their Convalescent Home through the medium of a dance to-night at the Empress Rooms of the Royal Palace Hotel, and again is she assisting the same most excellent cause by means of a concert to be held at Stafford House. The concert will be an excellent one—it includes such singers as Clara Butt, Ella Russell, Marie Tempest, Maurice Farkoa, Letty Lind, and Norman Salmond, while Gertrude Kingston and Sidney Brough are

I met a lovely bodice to-day and a cheap at Lewis and Allenby's, in Conduit Street. It was made of crêpe-de-Chine, wrapped round the figure, with a deep collar round the shoulders of very fine éru lace, and it was filled up to the neck with fine éru lace. It was mounted on a silk lining, and it cost six and a-half guineas. Through its possession I can see my way to an excellent dress for garden-parties. I shall have it supplied with a skirt to match—pale-grey is an ideal colour—and I shall

crown it with a grey chiffon hat, completing it with a chiffon parasol to match. The grey chiffon hat may have a bunch of red roses where it turns up in the front; thus will the unbecoming possibilities of the grey be obviated. Lewis and Allenby's have some excellent clothes, and most admirable examples of their good taste are to be found among their vests, the best of these being made of fine net, covered with little gatherings of baby-ribbon in cream-colour, and these cost but 19s.

There are some beautiful frocks here too—one evening-dress of pink brocade has a train of lace and a bodice of brocade, with the rose pattern which decorates it outlined with diamonds. A fête-dress of charm is of lavender voile, with skirt and bodice decorated with little rows of black velvet baby-ribbon, and remarkable industry and grace are shown by an evening-gown all tucks of tulle and lace. Among the coats I found one of black satin, which delighted me—quite short, with little fulness anywhere, merely decorated with strappings of the satin stitched down. It had a waistcoat of white piqué, cut low, showing an upper shirt of the finest muslin and lace, and this waistcoat fastened at the back, so that all chance of the disarrangement of the muslin shirt was avoided.



[Copyright.]

A GREY ALPACA TRIMMED WITH TUCKS AND ÉCRU INSERTION.

Another good cloak here, which I shall recommend to Diana for race-meetings, was of light drab cloth, the skirt put on from the knees, and permitting space beneath it for the voluminous folds of our present-day petticoats.

It is years since I have been to Lewis and Allenby's, but it will only be weeks before I go again, having discovered here a pleasing combination of the chic and the inexpensive. I shall return, I know I shall.

Wednesday.—Slowly my relations are becoming impossible. Yesterday it was Florrie's philanthropy, to-day it is Julia as a housekeeper. She talks darkly of Spring-cleaning, and acts desperately with all her furniture and curtains. She cats, drinks, and sleeps on the mysteries of carpet-beating, glazed chintzes, and furniture-polish; and I am sure that Messrs. Campbell and Co.'s Perth Dye Works are engraved on her heart. She talks of their virtues all day—how beautifully this piece of cretonne has been returned to her, how bravely that tapestry has emerged from the hands of this firm, and how remarkably well dyeing has agreed with her sofa-cushions. All her children's clothes and feathers she is also going to submit to Messrs. Campbell, who may be relied upon to

execute all commands with promptitude and skill, which sounds like an advertisement, but is not.

When Julia is not occupied in talking of Messrs. Campbell's virtues, she is devoting herself to those of Robinson and Cleaver, of 170, Regent Street. She has been there recently in search of some new house-linen, and chanced to arrive on a day when there was on view a collection of linen which had been prepared for a man's yacht. Each article bore the name of the owner of the yacht, most beautifully embroidered, and the whole collection must have been most admirably done. But, then, it is no new thing that Robinson and Cleaver understand the art of house-linen. Did not all we wise women rejoice mightily when this firm established itself in Regent Street? I shall retire to some secluded spot in the country till Julia has finished renovating her house, somewhere where I can see the trees get green, and the orchards grow pink, and the river get blue in the sunlight. The family think I should get blue in that sunlight by myself, but they are quite wrong; then would my intelligence expand, and, in the contemplation of the largeness of Nature's other works, realise the smallness of the human variety.

Friday.—At last I have a rival. There is a gentleman, writing under the name of "Beau Brummel," devoting himself to men's fashions in a monthly magazine called *Fashion*. This is a new departure, and an excellent one. I should certainly subscribe to that sixpenny monthly were I a self-respecting man who wanted to look elegant. Being a self-respecting woman, I have been interviewing some new fashions which are destined to do their duty in the summer. The distinguishing feature of these is a soft elaboration, the favourite materials being the finest linen batiste set with insertions of lace and embroidery, the only serious rivals to this being a thin make of crêpe-de-Chine, which is also submitted to "incrustations," as the French call them, of lace. I want two dozen shirts or under-bodices made of soft lawn and lace, with the neckties to match, and I hereby submit my desire to the world at large, so that competitors for its fulfilment may each have a fair chance.

Florrie took me to choose her an evening-dress to-day, and limited me to price, also limiting me to enthusiasm. I cannot grow wildly excited over a dress which is not of the absolutely best quality, made by the absolutely best artists. In an old white satin wanting to be renovated there is plenty of scope, so that you may be allowed to renovate it with ivory lace, the patterns traced in baby-ribbon of ivory, the bodice showing a few folds of tulle at the décolletage, a collar of lace and ribbons, and a bunch of La France roses at one side justified by a sash of pale-pink crêpe-de-Chine with fringes on the hem. Such renovation would arrive at an expenditure of about £15. I declined upon a lower range of fancy, and chose a striped silken gauze in pale-green, covering the skirt plainly to the knees, with a large gathered and tucked flounce falling to the hem, a gathered bodice, and a fichu of cream net and lace resting on two frills of green gauze, and fastened at one side with a bunch of heart's-ease and pale-blue forget-me-nots falling garland fashion just below the waist. A sash of cream-coloured net, much frilled on the hems, will complete this admirably, and Florrie will look quite nice under its influence; she has promised she will, or, at least, she has promised me she will think so.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W.—I do not believe in that at all; it is painful, and often ineffectual. I have heard of a wonderful cure for the removal of superfluous hairs, and this is an invention of a Mrs. Wyse, who lives in Berners Street—43, I think it is. You had better write to her direct, and she will give you all particulars.

MOLLIE.—Have long sleeves of white lace, perfectly tight, a collar or fichu of the same round the shoulders, tied into a knot with ends. I am only too pleased to help you.

CELESTINE.—You can get those thin glacé brown boots you want from the American Shoe Company, 169, Regent Street. They cost 25s. a pair with fanciful toe-caps, and they are most light and comfortable to wear. So long as the skirt be of narrow circumference and fitting tightly round the hips, reaching only to the ankles, you will be able to ride in it with perfect comfort and elegance. Knickerbockers beneath are essential. For summer wear, I like these of white washing-pongee lined with mull muslin, buttoned below the knee with a little strap.

DORIS.—As to the dress you inquire about, I would suggest that you get a deep shade of brown straw, with the bow in light-blue straw. The shape turns up in the front, and is merely trimmed with the straw bow. The child cannot do better than a drab cloth covert-coat and skirt and shirts of finely striped cambric, large sailor-collars, edged with frills bordered with lace and tying with a scarf of the muslin at the neck.

FISHER-GIRL.—Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, make a specialty of fancy-dress. They sell a book there by Arden Holt, containing scores of suggestions—you had better buy this; I have no doubt that it will inspire you to something better than your own suggestion. You will get a plain glacé silk shirt trimmed with tucks and beadings such as you want from Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street; I fancy they cost, complete, with ties, 29s. 6d., but I am not absolutely certain—it is difficult to recollect the price, but they will let you know if you write to them.

VIRGINIA.

The number of pilgrims who left Suez for Mecca from Jan. 5 to Feb. 22 was 1870: 74 Egyptians, 1620 Turks, 92 Russians, 74 Kaffirs, 7 Algerians, 1 Indian, 1 Bosnian, and 1 Tunisian. This year the inhabitants of Algeria and Tunis are forbidden from taking part in the pilgrimage, from sanitary reasons, as Djeddah has been officially declared pestiferous, and the Government are seeing that their orders are strictly carried out. This prohibition has now been repeated for many years, and is considered a great grievance by the Arabs.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on May 10.

MONEY.

The decision of the Bank of England directors with regard to the official Rate was awaited with no small amount of anxiety last Thursday. Thanks, however, to a considerable strengthening of the Reserve, it was not found necessary to make any alteration in the 4 per cent. Rate. The appreciation in the Reserve amounted to no less than £1,254,000. This resulted from an influx of £499,000 from abroad, the return of over £300,000 from the country, and the contraction of the note circulation to the extent of £421,000. The proportion of reserve to liabilities has increased from 38½ per cent. to 39½ per cent., which is so far satisfactory, although it does not compare very favourably with 50½ per cent. a year ago, when the Bank Rate stood at 2½ per cent. Considerable uncertainty exists as to the course of money in the near future. When war operations have fairly commenced, probably a demand for gold will set in, and we shall not be surprised if the Bank directors find it necessary to raise the Rate as a protective measure ere many days clapse.

HOME RAILS.

Although a certain amount of steadiness was imparted to this market when it became known that no alteration in the Rate had been made by the Bank of England directors on Thursday last, yet the prevailing uneasiness as to the Hispano-American war soon made prices sag away. We are now able to compare the holiday traffics with those of a year ago, and in most instances that comparison is a very satisfactory one. The London and North-Western leads off with an increase of £14,828 for the fortnight, followed by the Midland with a gain of £13,909, while there are improvements of £8254 in Lancashire and Yorkshire, £7954 in South-Eastern, £6711 in Great Eastern, and £5946 in Great Northern. The only line, apart from the District, which registers a small loss, that has fared badly during the holidays is the Great Western, which shows a decrease of £8970. This is, doubtless, due to the South Wales coal strike and the curtailment of holiday traffic resulting therefrom. This department, in common with others, will continue to be dominated by the political situation, and prices will rise and fall according to the chances of war being prolonged or brought to a speedy issue.

THE RAND.

The following letter, dealing with a very important group of mines, reaches us from our Johannesburg correspondent, and, despite the war, dear money, and mining slumps, will be read with interest by those who desire to know anything about the intrinsic merits of the East Rand properties.

EAST RAND PROPRIETARY.

An important event like the starting of the big joint battery of the Angelo and Driefontein companies has been almost overlooked in the present exciting times on the Rand. President Kruger's fulminations in the Volksraad against his late Chief Justice—"The devil himself never told a bigger lie," quoth Mr. Kotze's adversary—and against Mr. Chamberlain's claim of suzerainty over the Transvaal, may be said to have drowned the roar of what ranks as the second biggest battery in the country, and, indeed, in the whole world, if we except the Alaska Treadwell Company. All along the Rand the miners have recommenced talking war; they are sending their families away in case of eventualities; capital is leaving the country; Johannesburg is half-depopulated; and shares are slumping, not on their merits or demerits, but in sympathy with the uncertainties of the situation.

It is a question whether the time to buy Kaffir shares has yet come. A grave financial or commercial crisis may be precipitated at Johannesburg any day, and then undoubtedly would be the time for the ready-money investor to step in

The running of the Angelo-Driefontein Mill will go some way towards determining approximately the true intrinsic value of East Rands, concerning which there is such diversity of opinion as is reflected in the constantly fluctuating price of the shares—13s. immediately before the 1894-5 "boom," £12½ at the height of the "boom," 29s. in May last year, and £5½ in Johannesburg at the time of the recent annual meeting. Parenthetically, it must be observed that, to some extent, the fluctuations have been due to financial or political considerations; but, even making this allowance, the diversity of opinion as to the average value of an East Rand claim, and, consequently, the price at which the shares ought to stand in the market, has always been very great.

Without doubt, the best assets of the East Rand Proprietary are the holdings in the Angelo and Driefontein companies. It is not to be assumed that the



ANGELO AND DRIEFONTEIN JOINT BATTERY (220 STAMPS).

Photo by Larc, Johannesburg.

other extensive interests of the company—its holdings in the New Comet, Agnes Munro, Cinderella, and New Blue Sky, besides some 955 mining claims on the three farms Driefontein, Vogelfontein, and Leeuwpoort—have not a considerable market value. The Comet has proved itself a payable mine, but the best we can say of the 955 unfloat claims and the ground of the Agnes Munro, Cinderella, and New Blue Sky, is that presumably further work may establish the fact that a portion is payable. Bearing in mind the well-known patchy nature of this part of the Main Reef, there is little to warrant the assumption that all the undeveloped ground will furnish another Angelo or Driefontein, and the investor or speculator who makes his calculations of the value of East Rands upon any other assumption is likely to find that he has been over-sanguine. There may be one or two such mines as the New Comet to carve out of the undeveloped ground, but, after all, the New Comet is no great catch, with working costs at their present level. Recently it has tapped its South Reef and earned a profit of a few thousands per month, but the early history of the mine was unsatisfactory. As against the recent favourable returns—which it will probably be found impossible to keep up for any length of time with the full 100 stamps at work—let us place the moderate yields of the first two years, when only North Reef was crushed—

	Tons crushed.	Total yield.	Yield per ton.
1895	15,038	£26,045	31s. 7d.
1896	44,814	66,099	29s. 5d.

An average for the two years of only 30s. 9d. per ton, being just 10s. under the average for the whole of the Witwatersrand.

DRIEFONTEIN.

The Driefontein Company's mine is practically virgin ground. A little scratching and burrowing were done in the early days, but financial difficulties were too much for the less sanguine men of those times, and the mine now becomes a gold-producer for the first time. Hence the anxiety to discover what the new battery and tailings plant will do in the way of results. As in the adjoining Angelo, only the South Reef in the Driefontein has yet been opened, and this is a point the investor ought never to overlook.

Calculations as to the life of the mine, &c., are usually based on the total estimated tonnage, which in the case of the Driefontein is officially put at over four million tons—an estimate which is probably over the mark—but only one-half of this is rich South Reef. The other half is North Reef, much of it possibly unpayable under existing conditions, and, taken as a whole, probably of a low average grade, though, as no development work has been done, we can only speak from the results obtained from this reef on neighbouring properties. The mine has been opened down to the sixth level, one of the shafts being over 1000 feet deep on the incline. As a rule, the South Reef is a big body of ore, in places looking extremely well, and giving good average assays. Sometimes the reef widens out to six or even seven feet, but with such abnormal widths the assays are usually low.

At the recent meeting of the company the calculations submitted were based on an average width throughout the mine of 54 in., but this is considerably above the averages of recent development work, particularly in the lower levels opened. So far, the third level is perhaps the best opened, just as in the Angelo, though the second level also exposes a body of almost consistently rich ore. In some of the others the unequal nature of the reef is more conspicuous. Taken as a whole and so far as developed, the South Reef is a wider body of ore in the Driefontein than in the Angelo, though of slightly lower value.

The average yield at the Driefontein, at first with only 50 stamps running, ought to be somewhat under the 60s. rate steadily maintained for some time by the Angelo, but the rate of costs ought also to be lower, owing to the wider reef. In the case of both mines, however, I look for a decided falling-off in the grade of ore when each has 110 stamps to feed, and for this contingency the investor ought to be prepared. As regards the Driefontein, let it never be forgotten that only 71½ claims of the total area carry the rich South Reef. The value of the North Reef being as yet problematical, these are the only claims we can put any great value upon.

We reproduce a couple of photographs of the joint battery of 220 stamps and tailings plant for the Driefontein and Angelo Mines.



ANGELO AND DRIEFONTEIN TAILINGS PLANT.

Photo by Larc, Johannesburg.

and pick up bargains. I gave a list in *The Sketch* some time ago of a number of Rand shares which may be safely bought when bottom appears to be reached—though at the moment of writing this still seems some distance away—and to the list must be added the East Rand Proprietary, and two, or possibly three, of its subsidiaries, the shares of which are a good purchase at a price.

YANKEES.

Operators on this side of the water, having been able to forecast pretty accurately what was going to happen, seem to have set their houses in order for almost every contingency. The result has been that the market has not given way to any undue excitement when, as we anticipated last week, no other recourse was left to settle the dispute between America and Spain except by force of arms. It has been a noticeable feature in the market of late that it has been acting to a great extent independently of Wall Street, prices being regulated according to its own judgment, instead of waiting for quotations to come across the water. Whether or not there will be any considerable further slump will, of course, depend upon the opening stages of the war and its probable duration. It is useless to refer to the present quotations, as it is impossible to say what a day might bring forth. Our opinion, however, is that American shares and bonds should be very closely watched, and that big profits will be made by buying at the right moment.

THE SALT UNION.

The affairs of this gigantic concern have occupied so much of our space ever since the reorganisation of its affairs became a burning topic that we must apologise for again referring to the matter. The self-styled Shareholders' Association, with a busybody called McDougall at its head, and Mr. Fells, the General Manager (whose unsuccessful administration has brought about the crisis), at its back, has issued one last appeal, which we sincerely hope will prove as barren of result as the previous endeavours of this self-constituted body. What the shareholders have got to do is to support the Committee of which Mr. Walker is secretary, and which a general meeting of the proprietors duly appointed. To put into power a mixed Board, some pulling one way and some another, is to court disaster, and we therefore, in all sincerity, urge every shareholder to take no notice of the McDougall-cum-Fells so-called Shareholders' Association, and to vote solid for the Committee, and for the appointment of its nominees, Messrs. Alexander, Cox, Holt, Roxburgh, and Royden, as directors.

"WEALTH AND WILD CATS."

Mr. Raymond Radclyffe's long-looked-for book on West Australian and New Zealand mining has at length made its appearance, and well repays the modest shilling which a purchaser is obliged to lay out.



A GOLDFIELDS COACH.
From "Wealth and Wild Cats."

Those who have from time to time read the author's witty and sarcastic letters in the City columns of *The Sketch* will not need to be told that the book is full of good things, vastly amusing, and at the same time instructive. If you believe all that Mr. Radclyffe has to say, you will be very shy of investing in the ruck of West Australian mining shares, for the author does not see things through rose-tinted spectacles; but he knows what he is writing about, and, in the long run, we are confident that his good judgment will prove more correct than that of enthusiastic mining chairmen or interested touting circular writers. The book is well illustrated, not only with many of the blocks which have from time to time appeared in connection with Mr. Radclyffe's articles in *The Sketch*, but with other and original photographs, of which we reproduce one giving an excellent idea of the mode of travelling in Western Australia. The book treats not only of mining, but of all sorts and condition of things Australian, and we especially commend to the perusal of our readers such breezy and sarcastic chapters as that on "Society in Perth," or the scarcely less amusing one to which the author has given the title of "Gum-Diggers and Maoris." It is quite certain that no one who invests his shilling in Mr. Radclyffe's book will regret the outlay.

THE CHARTERED MEETING.

For weeks the City has been looking forward to the Chartered meeting, but, after all, it turned out a most dismal, not to say disappointing, affair—at least, from the "bull" point of view. Mr. Rhodes was

in poor voice and form, and even the most enthusiastic supporter of Rhodesia can hardly derive much comfort from the great man's words. It has been fashionable, we have heard, for foolish people to buy a hundred or two of Chartered shares and lock them up as a sure provision for their children; but as, after what Mr. Rhodes said on the 21st instant, it is clear that as soon as the concern becomes self-supporting—if it ever does—the best that holders can expect is that the money they have invested will be turned into the national debt of a new self-governing colony, say, the Four per Cent. Bonds of Rhodesia, the whole edifice upon which the wild gamble in Chartered shares was and is based falls to the ground. If the country is, as we believe it to be, a wilderness unfit for the white man, and doomed to relapse at no distant date to its late savage owners, then the holders of shares will lose their money; but if, on the other hand, the place can be made self-supporting, it will be turned into a self-governing colony, and the shareholders may, with luck, expect to get Colonial bonds or inscribed stock for their money. What a prospect! What an enticing speculation!

Nobody ventured to say that payable gold had yet been found, or that agricultural pursuits could be carried on at a profit. The noble chairman and Mr. Rhodes still had faith in the mineral future of the country, but neither of them ventured to put it higher than "faith." Let the Chartered Company buy a few diamond drills and test the so-called reefs at depths of five or six hundred feet, then, by the time the next meeting comes round—in the next century, judging by the company's past record—we shall know the value of that "faith" which has already extracted many millions from the pockets of the British public, and never meets its shareholders without sending the hat round for more.

SCHWEPPES, LIMITED.

Some people profess to be disappointed with this report, but we confess it seems to us very satisfactory. In eight months over £40,000 net profit has been made, or at the rate of quite £60,000 a-year, showing the expansion of the business since the flotation. The Deferred shares get 2 per cent., but, as they can be bought for about 10s., this is equal to 4 per cent., and, with all the probabilities of improvement, they appear a good speculative venture. The balance-sheet is well drawn, and both the stocks and the debtors are being kept within bounds; indeed, for the amount of business done, we are surprised to see that the company is owed so little money. Mr. Kemp Welch and his co-directors are to be congratulated on their handiwork.

A NEW ISSUE.

In these days, when so many people are looking for an investment to pay them 5 or 6 per cent., it is next door to a godsend to find something which appears reasonably certain to yield some such return. We have been shown an advance prospectus of Mellin's Food Company of Australia and New Zealand, Limited, which is about to offer for public subscription 75,000 6 per cent. Preference shares of £1 each at 2s. 6d. premium. The dividend on these shares is to be guaranteed for twenty-five years by Mellin's Food, Limited (the parent Company), whose own Preference shares stand at about 6½. The annual profits of the guarantor company are certified as being more than enough to cover the whole dividend on the Preference shares of the subsidiary company several times over, and the issue appears to us to be one of the best-secured things we have come across for many a long day. There should be a scramble for allotments as soon as the prospectus is made public.

Saturday, April 23, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

L. O. B. (Melbourne).—We are obliged by your letter and the printed matter you send us. We hope to comment on it next week.

J. B. W.—We answered your letter on the 19th inst. If you have not invested your money yet, hold it in hand for a week or two, and, should there be a further fall in American Railways, buy some good bonds like Pennsylvania Six per Cent. Mortgage and Illinois Four per Cent. Gold Bonds.

IGNORAMUS.—Your list is not bad, but we do not like No. 4. See answer to "J. B. W." You had far better sit on your money for a week or two, for if we get a 5 per cent. Bank Rate everything will be cheaper.

HILL STREET.—See last answer and this week's Notes. Chadburn's (Ship) Telegraph Company's 6 per cent. pref. should suit you, or the new Mellin's Food issue.

A. B. C.—If you can find a fool to buy, by all means sell.

H. T.—We have a strong opinion against Oceana Consolidated and would not on merits give a shilling for a bucketful of the scrip. We do not suppose any meeting is likely to be held before the end of this year. To buy the Hannan's concern is a wild gamble. You had far better have a speculation in Yankee Rails—that is, if you want to speculate. Watch the war, and buy Louisville or Milwaukee directly you think the end is in sight.

SKETCH READER.—We think the wretched concern is in liquidation, but write to the office and inquire. In any event, write off the money you have in it as absolutely lost.

G. T. C.—The shares are very speculative. We do not recommend them.

SUBSCRIBER.—We have a poor opinion of the mining company, as the ore is not good enough to yield a profit, the average being about 12 dwt. to the ton. Dividends are in the remote future. Lipton's pref. is good enough to hold as an investment if you want such a thing. We do not expect a rise in price just yet.

ENQUIRER.—The Linotype Company are doing a good business, but fresh inventions are a constant source of danger. We do not advise purchase of the other shares you name, as we know the underwriters were "stuck" with 85 per cent. The machine is, however, a good one.

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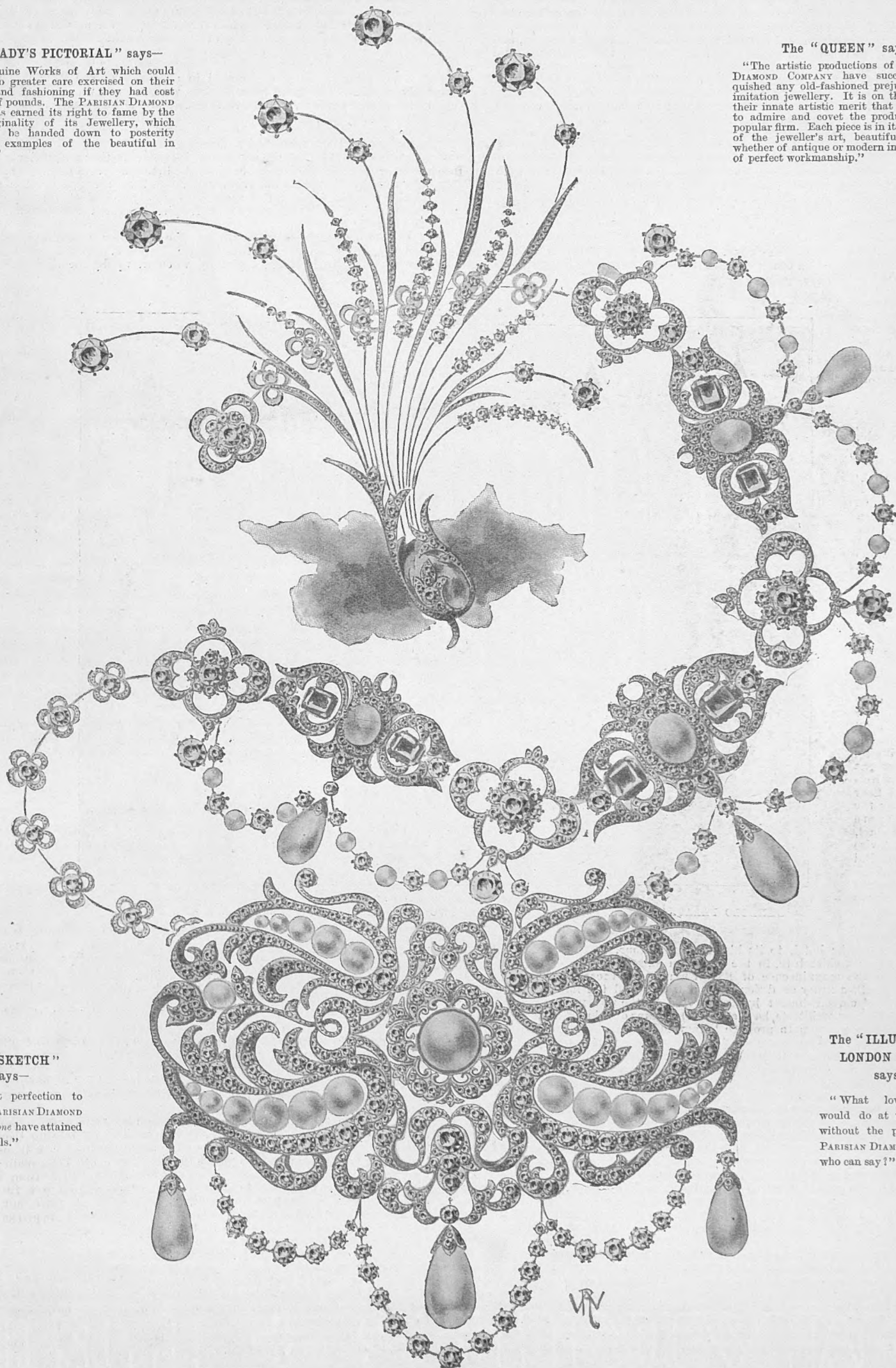
THE Parisian Diamond Company.

The "LADY'S PICTORIAL" says—

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THE OLD PALACES IN VENICE.

One of the oldest and most interesting palaces in Venice is the Palazzo Dandolo, which once occupied so large a place in the glories of the history of Venice. Notwithstanding certain works have been executed in this historic palace to adapt it to modern use, yet not only have the staircases, the saloons, and the various apartments been preserved just as they were, but the artistic beauties and the historical souvenirs have been carefully respected, the stuccoes and the frescoes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have been spared, and the portraits and the heraldic shields of the Dandolos, the Bernardos, and the Mocenigos can still be admired to-day in their original positions.

We believe it will not be uninteresting to know that in the halls and chambers of the Palazzo Dandolo some of the most important acts of the great Venetian Republic have been discussed and decided upon; and in this Palace, besides Doges and Senators, Kings and Ambassadors, Alfred de Musset took up his abode in 1833, and Balzac, Madame George Sand, and Lord Byron have been associated with it.

But to return to the ancient history of the Palace (now Hotel Royal Danieli). It was built in 1400 by one of the Dandolo families, Enrico Dandolo. In the Chronicle of Malipiero, which dates from 1457 to 1500, we find the following passage: "To-day, the 28th August, 1498, have arrived the Ambassadors of Florence, Rucelli and Vespucci, who have lodged in Palazzo Dandolo."

We find confirmation as to what has been said as to the date of the Palace and as to the family who built it in the Diary of Sanudo, in which he tells us that: "On the evening of the 21st February, 1531, the orator, Cesareo, in the Palace of Dandolo, Calle de Rasse, on the quay, gave a very great feast, with fireworks, concerts, and illuminated boats, Spanish fashion, on the Canal of St. Mark, on the occasion of the elevation of the King of Hungary and Bohemia to the dignity of a King of the Romans."

This historic Palace passed from the Dandolos to the Gritti family, in 1536, by a deed of sale; and it is not without interest to note that, to distinguish it from others of the same name, it is called in the deed, "that Palazzo Dandolo in which generally abides the Ambassadors of France."

After the Dandolos and the Grittis, the Michiel, the Mocenigo, and the Bernardo families became its possessors by marriage, and they retained it till the beginning of the present century, when its second floor was sold by the noble Dame Helen Michiel, widow of Alvise Bernardo, to Dal Niel.

To the beauty of a panorama unequalled in the world that is spread before the windows of the hotel, to its historic associations, to the purity and the grandeur of its architecture, to the Venetian sumptuousness of its halls and chambers, to the magnificence of its atrium and staircase, preserved in its original fifteenth-century condition, must now be added the important works of restoration and embellishment just completed by the present proprietors, who, by the aid of clever architects, have studied the means of bringing into requisition all the modern appliances to produce luxury and comfort without taking from this interesting Venetian monument its original character, which carries the traveller back to the epoch of the grandeur of the Venetian Republic.

Adjacent to the Palazzo Dandolo another splendid palace has been constructed, which now forms a part of the Hotel Royal Danieli. This second building is modern—modern in all its details, as we shall see in due course.

To describe the interior of these two handsome edifices is very difficult, but it is very interesting to see how they have been able to transform this ancient Palace into a modern and luxurious dwelling. Around this atrium (the hall) are a number of fine halls and offices, with the water-gate opening on to a side canal with a marble landing-stage for the gondolas. Near to the water-gate is the railway-office, and next this is the luggage-office.

Opposite the grand stairs is a luxurious smoking-room, its walls hung with rich material, and furnished in Oriental comfort and style, with an American bar leading out of it. Next it are two spacious reading and writing rooms, containing the principal newspapers and illustrated publications of the world.

On the right-hand of the main door is a large public drawing-room, style of 1700, with handsome stucco work and gilt furniture covered with rich stuffs, and the hangings and wall coverings all *en suite*. This room alone would repay a visit to the Hotel. In the two Palaces there are a number of other such drawing-rooms, besides a concert-hall, ball-room, music-room, and billiard-room, &c. There are also bath-rooms and douche baths on every floor. On the ground-floor are the apparatus for heating the whole building by steam, thus spreading a uniform temperature throughout the two Palaces. Here are also the

machinery for the lifts, the centre for the distribution of the electric light, and the boilers and syphons for giving hot water direct into all the apartments. All this deserves being examined, from the novelty of the systems employed and from the exquisite order and tidiness which exists everywhere.

We cannot describe all the bed and sitting rooms; it is sufficient to say that they have all been recently done up and furnished with the utmost artistic taste, and are all lit with electricity. Many of the apartments have been preserved in the original style, especially the Saloon of the Doges; all of them overlook the Riva degli Schiavoni and the magnificent panorama already described.

The dining-rooms are decorated in an entirely novel style, and one that is truly poetic. The great ground-glass windows are utilised in forming eight lovely winter-gardens, which are reflected in the large mirrors which line the walls, and the electric light, which hangs in delicate Venetian-glass lily pendants round the ceiling, produces a most charming and unusual effect. The two great restaurant-halls are furnished in pure Empire style.

To give an idea of the whole, we will imagine that a traveller is staying in the apartment of the Doge; to go to the breakfast-room and restaurant he will pass through the great Sanovino ball-room, then through the rose-saloon, by the side of which is the music-room (Empire style) and the gallery of tapestry and majolica, and thus reach the Empire-decorated restaurants, which we have already described.

In the evening, at dinner-time, the traveller would descend by successive steps, through the Renaissance vestibule, to the beautiful winter-garden dining-hall, which, especially when lit up by the soft radiance of the

electric lilies makes a perfect fairy scene.

Round the ball-room on the first floor runs an uncovered loggia, from whence one can look down into the court of honour, or Venetian Atrium, in which in the evening characteristic concerts are given. From the first floor the great "scala d'oro" conducts one to the second floor, where are the spacious concert-room and various suites of ancient and modern apartments.

Although the use to which this Palace, which once occupied so large a place in the glories of the history of Venice, has been put during the present century is very different from that for which it was built, it has always been kept most worthily, first by his daughter Alfonsina, the wife of Vespasiano Muzza-

relli; then by his granddaughter, Giuseppina Roux; and, last, by SS. Genovesi and Campi; so that it had the honour, which it still possesses, of being chosen by emperors, kings, princes, and ambassadors, and by great men of all countries, whose artistic travels bring them to this incomparable city, so justly called the "Pearl of the Adriatic."

The delightful impression made on those who inhabit the Hotel Royal Danieli has been expressed over and over again by their friends, and they have often said to the proprietors that they have rather felt as if visiting in the house of a friend, or in a princely mansion, than in a hotel, even though it is the greatest hotel in the world.

In this lovely Palace the traveller feels at home. All is artistic and poetical. No long passages, painted in imitation marble, cold and draughty and dreary. No long, endless tables and big red velvet divans, as in a café. No long rows of rooms in which the furniture is so much alike that you cannot tell if you are in your own rooms or someone else's. Here is nothing conventional, nothing that is to be seen everywhere, whether among the mountains of Switzerland or on the boulevards of Paris, and which makes the traveller's life monotonous wherever he may be. Here, on the contrary, he finds himself in an atmosphere of home, of comfort, and of suitability to his position, however exalted it may be, and one in keeping with his romantic surroundings.

This has been the aim of those who have directed the decorations of the Hotel Royal Danieli, and they are happy in the thought that they have succeeded to the satisfaction of the visitors.

Although the present proprietors, Messrs. Genovesi, Campi, Bozzi, and Co., have spent a veritable fortune this year in restoration and embellishments, so as to render the Hotel Royal Danieli the most comfortable, the most artistic, the most aristocratic hotel in Europe, yet they have in nothing augmented the prices, but they have retained those moderate rates which have helped to render the Hotel Danieli so famous.

The best proof that this hotel is one of the first in Europe is that all the Crowned Heads, including the Royal Family, when visiting Venice always stay there.



DANDOLO PALACE IN VENICE (NOW ONE OF THE TWO PALACES FORMING THE HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI).